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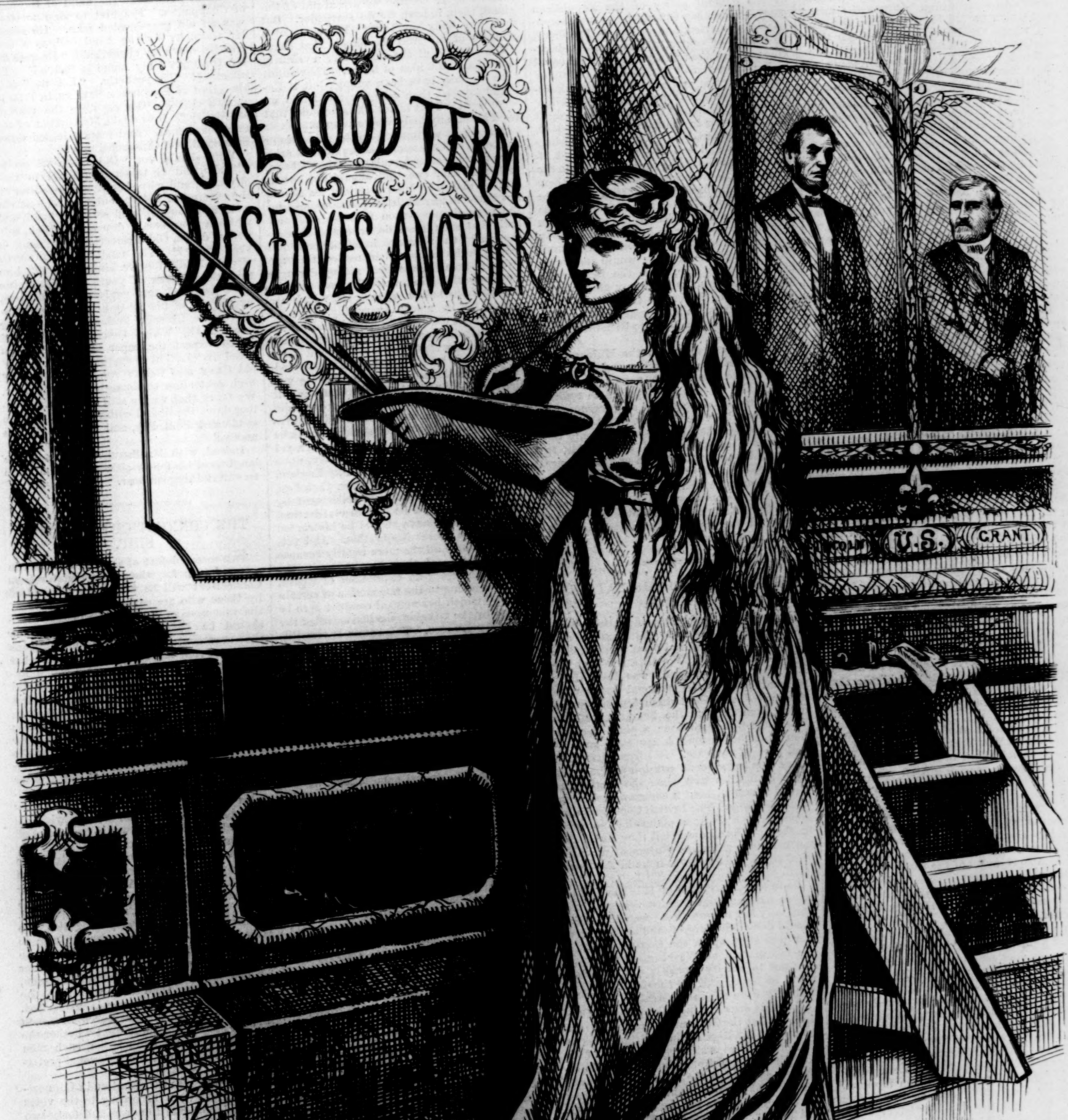
ONE GOOD TERM
DESERVES ANOTHER
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DECORATING THE WHITE HOUSE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 1, 1872.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Third Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

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THE DEMOCRATS AND CINCINNATI.

THE Cincinnati movement had two springs: one was honest discontent, and the other selfish discontent, with the present Administration. It was the latter kind which proved to be the chief element, and which absolutely controlled the Convention. The honest discontent was represented by certain gentlemen, many of whom frankly repudiate the action of the Convention altogether, while some boldly declare that the result, although ridiculous and abortive, must be accepted. But as a movement of reform it has already failed. It has lost its moral force. It has become a mere distraction and confusion, amid which it is hoped by the enemies of the Administration that the Republican party may be destroyed. "Any thing to beat Grant." The project of reform which theoretically inspired the movement, we say, has failed. Nobody, of course, seriously supposes that the names of the Cincinnati candidates, with those of their chief managers, and with the possible addition of the Democrats, with whom we are all familiar, are an earnest of any other reform than a change of office-holders.

Recent events throw a great deal of light upon the real character and strength of this effort to destroy Republican supremacy. The Democratic Convention in New York and the Senatorial election in Connecticut are full of instruction. There was a strong effort made in the former to declare that Mr. Greeley was the choice of the Democratic party of New York for the Presidency. This failed, but the selection of the officers of the Convention showed its feeling. The President, Mr. Kinsella, is one of the most pronounced men of his party, a gentleman who in 1864 would probably have gloried in the name of Copperhead. The delegation to the Baltimore Convention was instructed to vote as a unit, and it is understood that its preference is Mr. Greeley. The platform was a welcome to the Cincinnati offer, and hinted that the Democratic groom is ready for the blushing Republican bride, if she can bring a good dowry. But with all this there was no renunciation of the Democratic organization; no proposition for a new party. The sentiment of the Convention was unmistakable. It was that the nomination of Mr. Greeley offered a chance for a Democratic restoration. "Resolved," the Convention might have said, "that this is a paw admirably fitted to pull out our hot chestnuts"

The fervid interest of the chief Cincinnati organ in the New York Democratic Convention was comical. The Republican Convention at Elmira was dismissed with a few contemptuous sentences; but the Democratic gathering at Rochester was an "earnest and harmonious assemblage." Yet it was a convention of the same party which the organ has always opposed, and the fundamental principles of which are unchanged. It was a convention of the party which was friendly to Andrew Johnson because it thought he might divide the Republicans, and which is friendly to Horace Greeley now for the same reason. It was a convention of the party which nevertheless despised Andrew Johnson, and which, we are very sure, does not love Horace Greeley. It would, indeed, gladly use him as a club to break the Republican head, as it would use any body else. But the anxious interest in the action of the Democratic Convention laughably illustrates the kind of "reform" which may be expected from Cincinnati.

The re-election of Senator Ferry in Connecticut is also instructive. It was hailed as the "first Liberal Republican triumph." What are the facts? There were 258 votes cast. Of these General Hawley received 125, all Republican; and Mr. Ferry received 133, of which 116 were Democratic. Liberal Republicanism in Connecticut means, then, solid Democracy with a slight Republican spatter. Now we have great faith in Republicanism, but we have also some knowledge of Democracy, and we do not think that a Republican spatter will do more than spot the Democratic surface. It will certainly not affect the substance. In this instance, indeed, the candidate was Republican. But the principle was coalition upon the representative of the majority. And the rule will be enforced. Where the Democrats are in the majority, the Liberal Republicans must act accordingly. In the great bargain of the Presidency the Democratic vote, if it is given to the Cincinnati nominations, will be the vast, the overwhelming majority, and the terms will be according to that fact. The Democrats will not bring a Republican Administration into power whether it calls itself liberal or illiberal. If they support Mr. Greeley, it will be because they think it the best way to defeat the Republican party. This was evidently the explanation of the Democratic vote for Senator in Connecticut. And the *World*, taking the same view, remarks, "By the circumstances of his re-election Senator Ferry is released from any further obligations to the Republican party."

The question for the country, then, is very simple. Grant that the maintenance of the general policy of the Republican party—which Mr. Greeley has most strenuously supported, and which, as President, he would, of course, recommend—is desirable; grant that the protection of equal rights, the relief of taxation, the reform of the civil service, and economy of administration, the removal of such political disability as remains, an honest regard for the pledged national honor in the payment of the debt, and for the sacred obligation of the pensions to soldiers and sailors—grant that all of these things should be cardinal points in the administration of the government, is there any more probability that they would be obtained from Democratic ascendency in 1872 than in 1868? Mr. Horatio Seymour is probably not inferior in personal honesty and in skill of administration to Mr. Greeley. But if the country would not trust him four years ago, with the Democratic party behind him, is there any good reason why it should prefer the same party, with Mr. Greeley and a body-guard of Republican politicians at its head, to General Grant and the Republican host?

Have we entered upon the Millennium? Are the familiar Democratic managers suddenly anxious to abolish patronage, to renounce the fat things of power, to reform abuses, to introduce purity of government? Are they who vote steadily every week in Congress against equal rights suddenly the champions of justice? If they decide to support Horace Greeley, it will be because they believe that in doing so they can scatter the party which has made justice possible in this country. It will be because they think they can march over him to the defeat of every principle and policy with which he is identified.

THE TREATY AND THE NATIONAL CLAIMS.

It is easy to see the origin of the misunderstanding between the United States and England. The essential point was obscured in the treaty itself. We all knew that the Reverdy Johnson treaty was disdainfully rejected because the national losses were not settled, and the British Commissioners heard from ours at the beginning of the Washington negotiations a plain declaration that the national losses were an integral part of our case. But from that time there was an evident evasion of the point upon both sides, and when the treaty was signed it was without a common or express understanding. The British Commissioners hoped that the indirect claims had not gone in, the American hoped that they had. But neither made a distinct statement upon the vital point, and there was none in the treaty itself.

So in the Convention of 17[illegible] the line between national and State sovereignty was purposely left obscure, lest precise definition should defeat the project, and thus the civil war was shut up in the Constitution. In the negotiation at Washington there was care not to specify precisely the important point at issue, and so the fatal seeds of difficulty were left in the treaty.

But this does not help the present situation. What the Government may fairly expect from intelligent and patriotic discussion in the press is aid in the solution of the difficulty. Freed from what are called diplomatic exigencies, the situation is simple. We thought the treaty authorized us to ask for money damages for the national losses, and in our "case" we accordingly ask for them. Now if, upon reflection, we are of opinion that money damages for national losses ought not to be demanded, there is but one honorable course, and that is to say that, after further consideration, we withdraw the demand. But to say that we agree that they should not be allowed, and then go gravely forward and demand them, is laughable. Our "case" is made. It asks money for national losses. We carry it to Geneva, and the tribunal solemnly decides that, inasmuch as the United States have agreed that no money damages for national losses should be allowed, therefore the demand of the United States for such damages is rejected. The very globe would rock with laughter.

We say that if we are of opinion that money claims for national losses ought not to be entertained, whether they are authorized by the treaty or not, the true course is to instruct our counsel to waive that demand. To assert that it would be a dishonorable surrender is ridiculous. There is no dishonor in doing what you believe to be just and fair. The dishonor is in persisting in a course which you believe to be foolish or wrong. Suppose that England has said that such claims ought not to be allowed, and that we presently agree with her. What then? Then England was wiser than we. That is all. If, however, it can be shown that our opinion has not really changed, but that we agree because we are afraid of England, then, indeed, we do surrender. But does any body say that? There is not a whisper of it. And the papers that shout "The surrender! the surrender!" evidently share Falstaff's idea of honor. They admit that we may have been wrong; but if England says so, then we must insist that we were right. That is not a kind of noise that need alarm any body very seriously.

But ought we to agree to the principle or rule either that national losses can not arise from the acts of such cruisers as the *Alabama*, or that, if they can, they should not be settled by money? Most certainly we should not agree to any such propositions, and for the very simple reason that we all know both that such losses do arise, and that although in their nature indefinite, and not readily to be computed in money, they are no more incalculable than money damages for losses arising in private life from defamation or from breach of promise, which are atoned for by money every day. We do not say that our Government should in this instance insist upon that kind of reparation, but we do say that it should not bind itself for the future by any such rule as is proposed.

We hope, therefore, that the Senate will virtually advise the President that while it thinks claims for national losses are as valid as claims for individual losses, and believes that the treaty authorized such claims to be urged in any form that we might elect, yet as it is a matter of inference solely, upon which the treaty is silent, and as England holds an entirely different view, therefore, in order that the blessing of settlement by arbitration may not be lost to civilization, our counsel at Geneva should be instructed to waive the claims in question. And this should be done all the more readily because England supposed that in placing in the text of the treaty an expression of regret, and in agreeing to the retroaction of certain rules by which her neutral conduct is to be judged by the tribunal, she had satisfied the national grievance. This course is very different from that of accepting Lord Granville's proposition, which we should be very sorry to see the Senate approve.

MR. SMITH GOES FOR MR. GREELEY.

The fun of the campaign begins early. But it was inevitable. The laugh that greeted the Cincinnati nominations, we are constantly told, will not defeat them. Perhaps not; but we trust that Mr. Genet and Mr. Morrissey and Mr. Matthew T. Brennan and Mr. Thomas J. Creamer, and the other supporters of Mr. Greeley and purification of the government, will not grudge us a little laugh before the election, since their success would certainly be no laughing matter. A great work is apparently to be done by epithets. The Cincinnati candidate is already "Old Horace," "Old Honesty," "Old Honest Horace," "the honest old farmer," "the old man," "Old White Coat," "Old White Hat," "Old Tree-chopper," "the Sage of Chappaqua," "the Doctor." "Our Later Franklin" might be supplemented by "Our old modern Cincinnatus"—which would be peculiarly proper.

Those persons who do not think it immoral to joke upon this subject—and we fear that there are some of that kind—will probably add to this list. We must expect such ribaldry as "Old Bail-bonds;" and "Old Four-Hundred-Millions," suggestive of the offer to Mr. Lincoln to buy a peace; and "Old Niagara," or "Old Frontier," or "Old Cataract," commemorative of the peace performances at that famous fall; and "Old Let-'em-go," meaning the Southern States in 1860–61; and "Old Away-with-Lincoln," playfully significant of the Greeley proposition to set that President aside in 1864; and "Old Root-hog-or-die," embalming the fraternal advice which H. G. gave to the freedmen; and "Old Villain-you-lie," epitomizing his direct and sinewy Saxon familiarly addressed to those with whom he differs.

An irreverent friend at our elbow proposes an agricultural series. Why not, he says, "Old Prize-Strawberry," "Old What-do-I-know-about-it?" "Old Garden-sass," and, he adds, prophetically, "Old Beet." Still another friend insists that there must be some fond term by which Mr. Dorsheimer and Mr. D. A. Wells can commend their candidate to their free-trade friends; and he suggests, for the consideration of those gentlemen, "Old Protection," "High old Tariff," "Old Pig-Iron," "Old Bessemer," and "Old Wooden Screws."

But these are frivolities. There are tears as well as jokes in this business. And while the campaign has its humorous aspects, it is also full of pathos. The Cincinnati candidate went to Poughkeepsie to lecture, and we read that he was taken to a hotel. "Then the inhabitants began to flock in to take a look at and shake the hand of the sage of Chappaqua. The first to step forward was an old gray-headed man. He seized Mr. Greeley by the hand and, as a tear trickled down his cheek, said, "How de do, Mr. Greeley? my name is Smith!" 'Tis affecting! 'Tis pathetic. "Let me," says the ghost of Lawrence Sterne, in Thackeray's sketch—"let me drop the tear of sensibility." How de do, Mr. Greeley? my name is Smith. And tears trickled down Smith's liberal Cincinnati nose.

Why should not "Old Horace" go to Chicago, and be taken to a hotel in that city also; and why should not the editor of the Cincinnati *Tribune* enter to look at the "old tree-chopper" and seize his hand, and while a tear steals down his cheek, sob, "How de do, Old Protection? my name is Free Trade?" The modern Cincinnatus would blandly forgive him, would tell him that the offenses of youth and ignorance were pardoned, and gayly add that when, by the aid of his constant friend and supporter, the Chicago *Tribune*, Old Bessemer reached the White House, he should, of course, expect the paper which had advocated his election to support his good, stiff old Clay and Carey American policy of high protection to domestic manufactures. We fancy that we see still more tears trickling down the liberal editorial nose. "'"Tis sad,' cried Paul Pry, and he wept like a noddy."

Indeed, with Mr. Smith's tears and the laughter of his fellow-citizens, we shall have an entertaining summer.

THE CONNECTICUT SENATORSHIP.

The recent defeat of General Hawley in a Republican Legislature as Senator from Connecticut will be very deeply regretted by those who are sorry that the desire of the vast mass of Republicans in that State should be baffled. We can understand the argument of the few Republicans who preferred Mr. Ferry. They say that they wished the re-election of a sound Republican and an able man, and they did not decline votes from any quarter. But these gentlemen, of course, know that in free governments there must be parties; that parties must be organized, and that for the common welfare of the party and of the country personal preferences must be often subordinated. If every member of a party should insist that unless his favorite candidates were selected he would either throw away his vote or make an alliance with his political enemies, there would be an end of government by party.

Yet obviously, although this is true, the doctrine of Mr. John Cochrane, Chairman of Mr. Greeley's New York State Committee, that the regular candidate of the party, even if it were the devil, must be supported, can not be accepted. Party obligations are always subordinated by honorable men to certain principles. Such men will not vote for dishonest candidates, for instance, nor for any candidates who, in their opinion, will harm more than they will help the cause for which the party is associated. Again, when the circumstances are such that it is absolutely indifferent whether the party is successful or defeated, such men will, perhaps, follow a mere personal preference.

What, now, was the situation in Connecticut? There were, according to the votes in joint ballot, one hundred and forty-two Republicans in the Legislature and one hundred and sixteen Democrats. There was to be a Senator elected, and as the Republicans had an undoubted majority, they met in caucus to decide who, upon the whole, was the most desirable candidate. They selected—still following the final vote, which serves for illustration—by a vote of one hundred and twenty-five to seventeen, General Hawley. He is a man of spotless character, of great ability and political experience, who was a soldier distinguished for gallantry and skill, who had been a most popular Governor of the State, who was universally respected and trusted as a Republican leader. In every way he was an unexceptionable and admirable candidate. There could be no possible objection to him, although there might be personal preference for some one else. Mr. FERRY is the present Senator, whose term, in the eyes of "one-term" advocates, might naturally seem to have been sufficiently long. He also is an able and an honest man. Of the two, as we say, General HAWLEY received one hundred and twenty-five Republican votes and Mr. FERRY seventeen. The result was positive and unmistakable. It was undoubtedly as honest an expression of preference as is ever obtained under such circumstances.

Now here was just the case in which personal preference should have yielded. There was no objection of any kind urged against General HAWLEY, and the seventeen Republicans gratified their personal preference against that of the hundred and twenty-five by the assistance of one hundred and sixteen Democrats. The only creditable explanation of such a result is that the seventeen friends of Mr. FERRY thought that the Republican organization ought to be destroyed. And if they think that a party composed of the same proportions with that which elected Mr. FERRY would be better for the welfare of this country than the Republican party, they have done well.

But the attempt of Cincinnati Republican organs to asperse General HAWLEY is despicable. "If he had dared to say what he thought of the Administration," says one of these, "he might have got the Democratic votes instead of Mr. FERRY." "Here's richness!" It is not long since we used to hear a daily whine about attacking motives. And here is the chief whiner accusing a Republican of insincerity and weakness because he will not denounce General GRANT in order to be elected Senator by the Democrats! Cincinnati Republicanism will learn before the end of the canvass that there are some things which honorable men will not do even to secure Democratic votes.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE National Republican Convention at Philadelphia has been constantly described by the Cincinnati press as an assembly to consist of office-holders—a bread-and-butter brigade renominating its chief. But in fact there will probably be less of the office-holding element in it than in any nominating convention of an Administration party ever held in the country. It will represent the real Republican feeling of the people. For it must not be forgotten that the noise which has been recently made about the infamies of GRANT and the degradation of his Administration do not proceed from the people. The great mass of those who voted for the President in 1868 will most gladly vote for him again in 1872, and if the Democratic party dissolves, at least half of the Democrats who vote at all will vote for GRANT. The Cincinnati noise is not an indication of real Republican defection. It is a loud outcry for Democratic aid. We have yet to see any where a sign of any serious effect of the Cincinnati nominations upon Republican fidelity. Republicans infinitely prefer General GRANT and the Republican party to HORACE GREELEY and the remains of the Democratic party.

It is that preference which will be expressed in the Philadelphia Convention: the unshaken confidence of the people in GRANT, and a stronger determination to sustain him because of the combinations against him. The common-sense of the country agrees with what Mr. GREELEY himself said in January a year ago, that "General GRANT will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868." No man learns more willingly than the President, for he is not a self-seeker. He honestly means the good of the country, and if he is shown that there has been an error, he corrects it. Those who complain that every thing is not done the instant that the demand is made or a charge brought, must remember that the President is invested with responsibility, and has no right to act upon ex-parte statements. Amidst all the loud and angry din of allegation no serious accusation has been sustained against the President; and the address of Mr. GREELEY's New York State Committee, although evidently modeled upon JEFFERSON's Declaration of Independence, does not seem to us superior to it either in the truthfulness of its charges or the sincerity of its tone.

The Philadelphia Convention will represent the popular belief that the Administration is not corrupt, and that its good qualities will improve by time, while its more questionable policies will disappear. The renomination is not a verdict of universal approval, but of general satisfaction. And this verdict will be all the more emphatic because it will not come from office-holders. It will not be the voice of the Custom-house, as the playful *Tribune* will learn in November. From this State, for instance, where the Custom-house is supposed to be so omnipotent, and where at the mention of the name of "TOM MURPHY" every good Cincinnati communicant crosses himself, we believe there is not a single office-holder. We mention the fact, but we do not admit that to hold an office should disfranchise an American citizen. Nor can it be said that the delegates, if not office-holders, are virtually Custom-house agents. That phrase does not describe ANDREW D. WHITE and WILLIAM E. DODGE and HENRY A. HURLBURT and AUGUSTUS WEISSMAN and General WOODFORD and WILLIAM LAIMBEER and MARTIN I. TOWNSEND and GERRITT SMITH and JAMES N. MATTHEWS and JOHN A. GRISWOLD. The effort to stigmatize the Convention must be abandoned. It will represent the party which first put into practice the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which proposes to carry them to still further logical results, and which distinctly does not propose to intrust the chances of those principles to their hereditary enemies.

HATS, BOOTS, AND TROWSERS.

GAMBLERS have a neat trick of forcing upon an opponent the card that they wish him to play. But only pigeons take the card. Those who propose to break the bank draw a very different one. The supporters of Mr. GREELEY are already loudly warning those who think him totally unfit for President that it will be useless to laugh at his old white hat and his white coat and his trowsers stuffed into his boots. They inform us with laughable nervousness that their candidate can not be laughed down, and that a white hat and the White House go very well together. Let those laugh that win, they cry; and so say we; so say we all, and the gentlemen will find that they can not force their little card. The Republican canvass will not consist of derision of Mr. GREELEY's clothes. In this country every man may dress and act to please himself, so long as he does not harm his neighbors.

Mr. GREELEY's careful carelessness in dress, like his arrival at public meetings after they are fully organized, and when his appearance will be most remarked and cheered, are merely signs of a harmless vanity and restless desire of notoriety which are exceedingly unimportant. Mr. GREELEY chooses to make himself conspicuous by his dress, as General GRANT chooses to dress like other people. It is their own affair, and that is the whole question of boots and hat. Each does as he chooses. Mr. GREELEY will undoubtedly be enthusiastically supported by those who think it a peculiarly "American" trait to stuff your trowsers into your boots. These worthy fellow-citizens have the same right to think so and say so that their candidate has to perform that ceremony. And it is "American" in the same way that coarseness and vulgarity are, but in no other way. It is, however, not a very lofty patriotism which shouts over things which have no merit of any kind as distinctively "American." The usual reply is, "Ah! but people like it." That may be very true; but it is certainly not to their credit. In the same way it was said, "Yes; but see how rich FISK is!" What then? Was he any less despicable?

Some of the Cincinnati company seem to have thought Mr. ADAMS an unpromising candidate because he was a gentleman. But we hope that Mr. GREELEY is a gentleman. He may not be a model of drawing-room graces; but do these objectors think that Mr. ADAMS was a tiptoe-fine coxcomb? When it is said, under such circumstances, that a man is a gentleman, what is really meant is that he is not a "bummer," nor the friend of such gentlemen as captured the Cincinnati Convention. Those who objected to Mr. ADAMS as too much of a gentleman really meant that he had too much self-respect and too much knowledge of politics and human nature to make friends and confidants of traders in politics.

VAN BUREN was personally a well-bred man. He was even guilty of wearing gloves. But it was not alleged that he was too much of a gentleman, and the reason was that he fraternized with the party "bummers." The early Presidents—WASHINGTON, ADAMS, JEFFERSON, MADISON, MONROE, and ADAMS again—were not less worthy of the office, we presume, because they were well bred. Mr. HOFFMAN, the Governor of New York, is, we believe, a well-bred gentleman. Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, the last Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is conspicuously such. Neither of them, however, suffered as candidates because they were not boors. The poet says very truly that the word gentleman is "soiled with all ignoble use." But nothing soils it more than to say that to be a gentleman unfits a man to be President of the United States.

Mr. GREELEY is opposed as a candidate not because of his boots and his hat, but because, as the best men at Cincinnati felt, he is peculiarly unfit for the office. The Cincinnati brethren may defiantly don white hats and coats, and stuff white trowsers into white boots, and they shall have only a smile for their pains. But let them remember that those arguments alone will not elect a President. It was not the hard cider and the Tippecanoe chorus that elected HARRISON, nor the wide-awakes that elected LINCOLN. It was the enthusiastic feeling of the people, expressed in that way, that the election of those candidates would secure reform. But he must have roared his wits away at Cincinnati who believes that the candidate nominated as the Springfield *Republican* and the New York *Nation* inform us that Mr. GREELEY was nominated is a candidate whose election promises reform.

PERSONAL.

THE Boston *Advertiser* feels authorized to repel the assaults that have been made upon Mr. CHARLES HALE, Assistant Secretary of State. It states that there is no truth in the stories that have been set afloat that he has been called upon to resign, or been censured, or that any thing has occurred to disturb the confidential relations between him and Secretary FISH. He is at his post doing his accustomed work.

—The executors of the will of Professor MORSE intend faithfully to obey the clause of that instrument which directs that his "books, manuscripts, and papers shall be given in charge to some suitable person or persons, for the purpose of preparing a biographical notice relating to him." The executors will at once select a competent biographer, and in good time we shall have the full story of the life of the great inventor.

—Mr. JAMES M. RANDALL has become a member of the editorial staff of the Mobile *Register*, one of the ablest, and always one of the most influential journals of the South. He is the author of "Maryland, my Maryland," one of the most spirited of the songs of the South brought out by the war.

—BEN WADE, who acted as Vice-President during the Presidential incumbency of A. JOHNSON, is now counsel of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, at the humiliating salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. He has often Ben Wade, but never been found wanting.

—It was rather waggish and a little wicked in General BUTLER, when rallied on being elected a delegate to the Philadelphia Convention, and instructed to vote for WILSON, that he replied, "There are two WILSONS." Of course he is at liberty to go for the Iowa man, if he looms up sufficiently.

—Hon. JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, now in his eightieth year, will shortly sail for Europe to examine into various foreign benevolent institutions. Mr. CHANDLER represented Philadelphia in Congress from 1849 to 1855, and in 1858 was appointed by President BUCHANAN minister to Naples. Fifty years ago he published a "Grammar of the English Language," and from that time to the present his pen has been fairly occupied.

—The venerable Father BOEHM was, a few mornings since, introduced to the Methodist Conference, by Bishop SIMPSON, as the oldest Methodist preacher in the world. He is ninety-six years of age, and had long traveled with Bishop ASBURY. On being asked to address the Conference, he said he was at the General Conference of 1800, with Bishops COKE, ASBURY, and WHATCOAT, and was at the first delegated General Conference in 1812.

—JOSIAH MACY, one of the oldest, most successful, and most esteemed of the men who have achieved prominence in the commerce of New York, died at his country place in Rye, on Wednesday, May 15, at the age of eighty-seven. In early life he was a successful ship-master between this port and Liverpool, and so great was his popularity that berths were engaged for a number of passages ahead. On his last voyage from Liverpool, BROWN, SHIPLEY, & Co. handed him a letter of credit for $50,000, which they requested him to use without advice. It was a great compliment, but he never availed himself of the money. For many years the house of JOSIAH MACY & SONS, and afterward JOSIAH MACY's SONS, was known throughout the commercial world. They were among the largest dealers in oil, and had much to do with those who went out upon the deep on whaling voyages. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and leaves a spotless name.

—General FERRY, just re-elected to the United States Senate from Connecticut by a combination of the Democratic members of the Legislature with some seventeen bolters from the Republicans, is just in his prime, having been born in Bethel, Connecticut, in 1823. In 1843 he graduated from Yale, and adopted the legal profession. In 1849 he was appointed judge of probate, and in 1855–56 was a member of the State Senate. From 1859 to 1861 he was a member of the United States House of Representatives. During the war he was a colonel and brigadier-general of Volunteers, and subsequently was chosen United States Senator for the full term commencing March 4, 1867.

—Mr. BOUTWELL ran off from the Treasury one day last week to spend a few days at his home in Groton. While there, just to keep his hand in, he plowed an acre of land. He has now returned to Washington, and, as they say in Georgia, "resumed the primeval condition of his former rectitude."

—The Supreme Court, Judge BRADY presiding, was the scene of quite a little drama on Friday last. Before him as witnesses came Mr. JAY GOULD and Mr. GORDON GORDON in a case involving considerable money. Mr. GORDON, or the "Hon." GORDON GORDON, as he has been called, testified that he was brought up by his mother; had never seen his father, who was a Scottish duke; owned 60,000 shares of stock of the Erie Railway Company, $500,000 United States government bonds, $500,000 greenbacks, and lands in the West worth half a million more. So he is no pauper. He is a fine-looking, gentlemanly young man, twenty-nine years old, graceful in movement and address, has mixed freely with many of our cleverest business and professional men, and, if not what he professes to be, is certainly the brightest adventurer with whom Great Britain has yet honored us.

—The last hours of Mr. GEORGE C. BESTOR, who died last week at Washington, were sad indeed. He was a man of note in Peoria, Illinois, and in 1863 contracted with the government to build a steam-battery for the navy. In building this he expended $171,000 more than the contract price. For several years he had been in Washington pressing his claim. On Monday, the 13th ult., poor, wearied, and broken down, he died, and not having money enough to pay for his burial, his funeral expenses were paid by the Odd-Fellows, of which order he was a member. On the night of the day of his death the Senate passed the bill, giving him $125,000.

—The mathematical text-books of Professor LOOMIS, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, have been translated into the Chinese language for use in the East.

—Mr. TENNYSON is said to be much prostrated by the death of his friend, and godfather of his children, Professor MAURICE.

—WILLIAM LAWSON BARRY, of Nashville, Tennessee, is the oldest printer in the United States, having just entered his ninety-third year. He commenced learning his trade in 1797, and set up WASHINGTON's obituary in 1799. He is still vigorous, and occasionally works at his trade.

—Colonel FORNEY says "it don't hurt a bit to say that the busiest man in this nation, Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, goes to the opera or the play like an old-fashioned fellow, drives his family through Fairmount Park in a very democratic establishment, and gave the most elegant entertainment in Philadelphia to the congregated doctors—because he is not in any body's way for President."

—Dr. SHORT, late Bishop of St. Asaph, Wales, had one habit unlike that of any prelate whose peculiarities have attracted the notice of the press. For twenty years, in storm or sunshine, he strewed flowers on the grave of his wife.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the House of Representatives, May 13, an amendment of Mr. Butler's was passed, removing political disabilities from all who participated in the Southern rebellion, except members of the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, officers in the judicial, military, and naval services, heads of departments, and foreign ministers. The Amendatory Election law passed in the Senate May 14. Mr. Trumbull offered the Amnesty bill as an amendment, but it was rejected. Whereupon Mr. Sumner proposed his Civil Rights bill as an amendment, but it was also defeated. The President sent a message to both Houses relating to the hardships of immigrants, and suggesting helpful action; and one also in regard to the continued persecution of the Jews in Roumania. The House decided to adjourn *sine die* on the 3d of June.

The *Alabama* claims negotiations are still pending. On May 13 President Grant sent a message to the Senate, and with it transmitted full copies of recent correspondence between the two governments on the subject of the powers of the Arbitration Tribunal. The President also submitted a draft of a supplemental treaty article proposed by Lord Granville, and requested an expression of their disposition concerning it. By the terms of this article the United States agrees to withdraw the claims for indirect damages, and both parties promise to be guided by this principle in all future time.

The "Reform" Legislature of New York adjourned *sine die* May 14. Before doing so the Senate passed a bill to reduce the fare on the New Haven Railroad, and the Assembly requested the Governor to recommend the removal of Judge M'Cunn by the Senate.

A protest against Freemasonry, as a "religious" organization not recognizing the Saviour, was presented to the Methodist General Conference May 14, and, strange to say, was referred to the Committee on Revivals.

The New York Democratic State Convention was held at Rochester May 15, Hon. Thomas Kinsella, of Brooklyn, presiding. The Liberal Republican platform was indorsed, but the question of supporting Greeley and Brown was left open to await the action of the Baltimore Convention.

Senator Orris S. Ferry was re-elected for a term of six years from March, 1873, by the Connecticut Legislature May 15.

The Republican State Convention of New York met at Elmira May 15, Henry R. Pierson presiding. The present administration was strongly indorsed, and delegates to Philadelphia were instructed to vote for the choice of President Grant for the second term.

Governor Hoffman has vetoed the "Palmer" charter for New York city, leaving the government precisely as it was when the "Reform" Legislature began its session.

Advices just received at Washington give the details of another horrible massacre by the Indians near the Mexican frontier. A supply train was overtaken on its way from San Antonio to Fort Stockton, and its seventeen attendants, some of whom were women and children, were tied to the wagon wheels, and then scalped, mutilated, and burned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the official declaration of the Spanish government that the revolution was at an end, it would seem that the conflict still goes on. The Carlists are said to have occupied Bilboa, besides which they claim to be masters of the three Basque provinces. The government has addressed the Cortes, requesting authority to raise 40,000 fresh troops. Señors Castelar, Margall, and Figueras have jointly proclaimed against Don Carlos and King Amadeus, and called upon republicans to prepare for the combat.

Switzerland has refused to ratify its revised constitution by a majority of one canton, although the popular vote declared in its favor. The proposed revision contemplated the abolition of capital punishment and imprisonment for debt, and the exclusion of the Jesuits from Swiss territory.

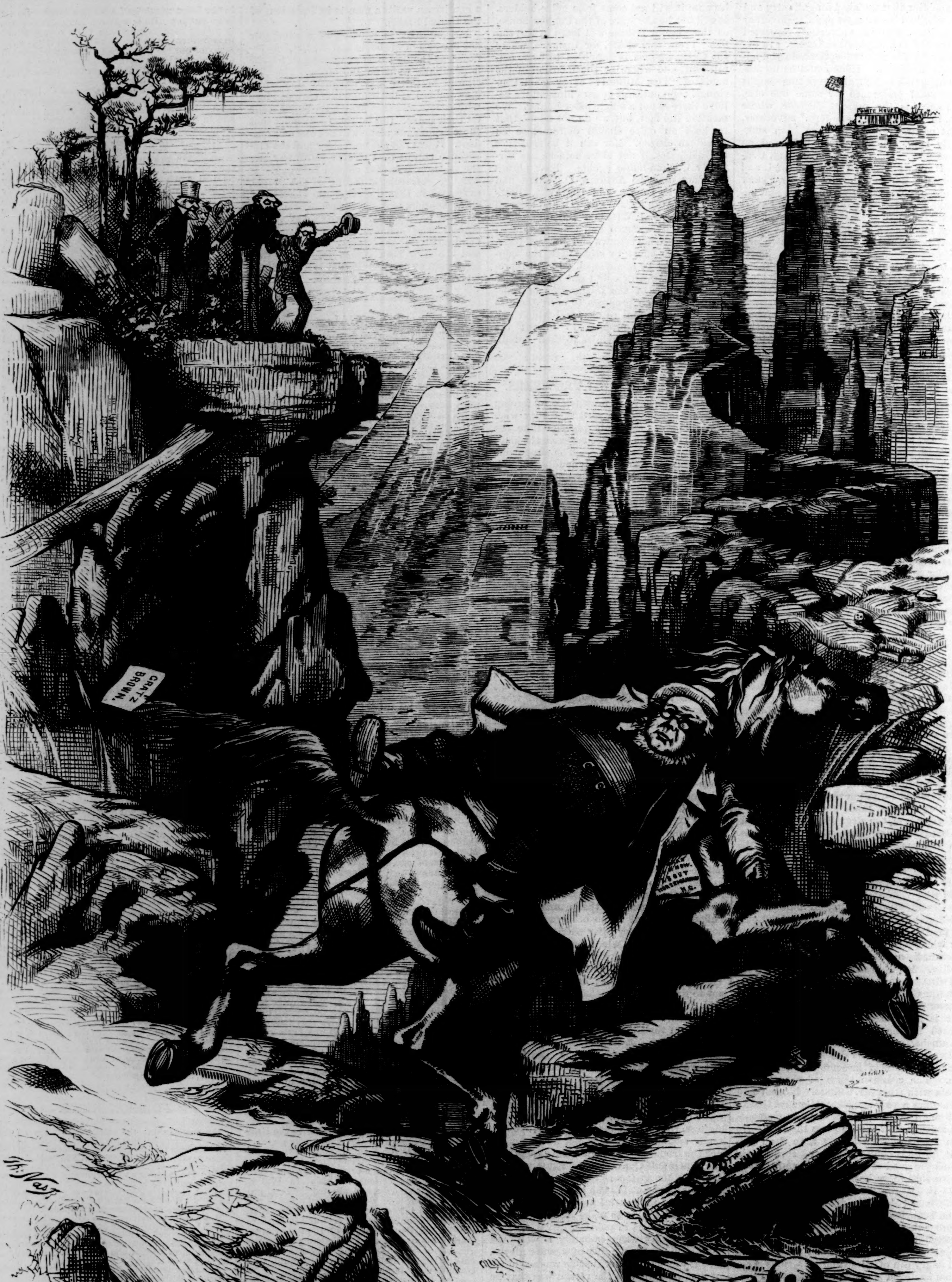
According to advices from Copenhagen there were shocks of earthquake in Iceland April 16. Fortunately no lives were lost.

The capital of Japan has been partially consumed by a terrible fire, which spread over a space of nearly six square miles. Thirty thousand persons were rendered homeless, and many lame and decrepit were put to the sword to save them from the flames.

The German Reichstag has passed a resolution asking the government to submit to it a draft of a law regulating the license granted to religious orders. The resolution is aimed directly at the Jesuits, whose activity against the state is looked upon as extremely dangerous.

The Cunard steamer *Tripoli*, from Liverpool for Boston, went ashore on South Tusker Rock, off Carnsore Point, on the Irish coast, and was totally wrecked. Fortunately none of the passengers or crew were lost, but the cargo can not be saved.

By an imperial decree the government of Japan has abolished all edicts directed against Christianity, which have been in force for over three centuries.


WHITE HOUSE
GRATZ BROWN.
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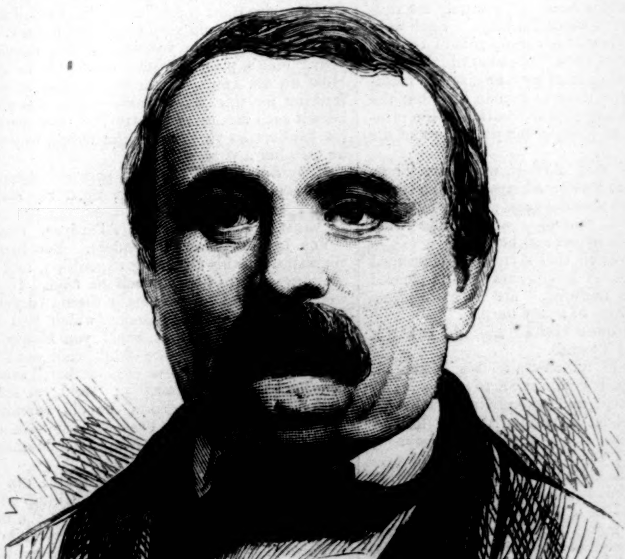
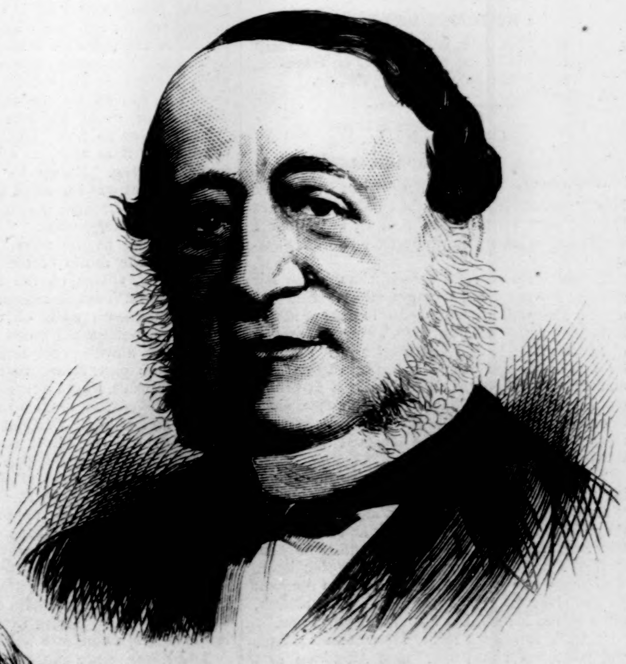
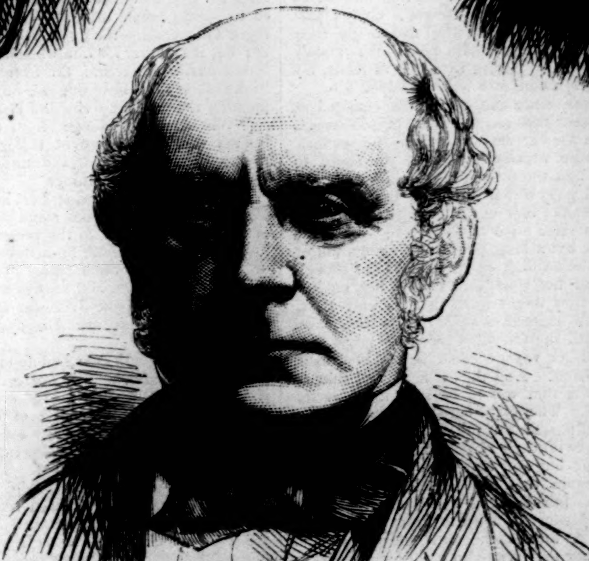
THE MODERN MAZEPPA.—"WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE ROAD FROM CINCINNATI TO ——."



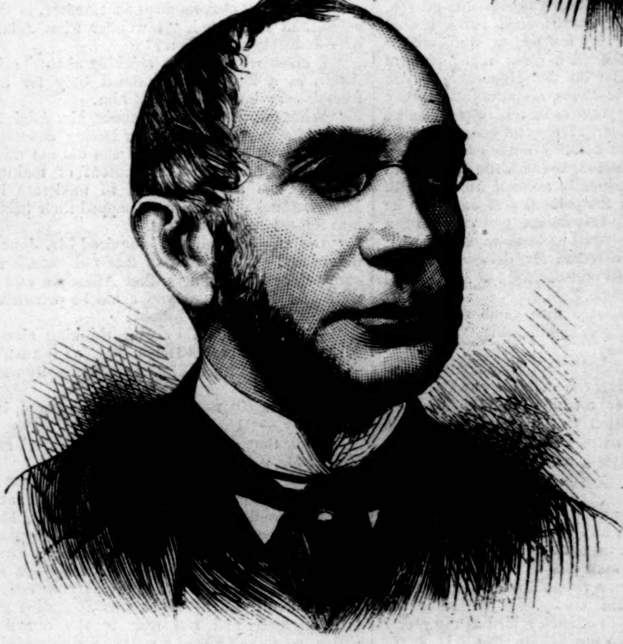
M. STÆMPFLI.
Switzerland.



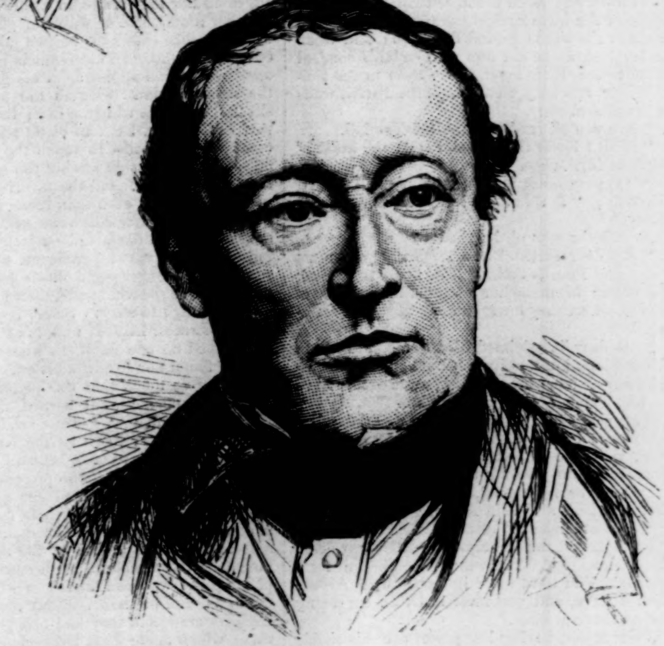
COUNT SCLOPIS.
Italy.



MR. C. F. ADAMS.
United States.



BARON DO ITAJUBÁ.
Brazil.



SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN.
England.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS—THE GENEVA COURT OF ARBITRATION.

THE MEMBERS OF THE COURT.

In the *Weekly* for May 18 we gave several illustrations of Geneva, where the *Alabama* Court of Arbitration met, and where it will meet again on the 15th of June, should the negotiations now pending between our government and that of Great Britain be brought to a favorable issue. Meantime the portraits of the five gentlemen to whom this arduous task has been intrusted can scarcely fail to be of interest. Probably few students of foreign politics would be able to characterize off-hand the gentlemen whose personal history has now become a matter of interest to the whole civilized world.

Count Sclopis, the nominee of King Victor Emanuel, is a man of no slight honor in his own country; not only is he a jurisconsult of great repute in Italy, but for several years he has held the important post of president of the Italian Senate.

The member of the Tribunal who represents the President of the Swiss Confederation, M. Stæmpfli—formerly editor of an important journal, the *Bund*, published at Berne—has been several times placed by his countrymen at the head of the nation, and in the functions of executive interpreter of that constitution which he has done so very much to frame in its present shape. He has for several years, however, retired from the active pursuits of politics, and has become manager of the largest joint-stock bank in Switzerland. He is regarded as a statesman of the very highest ability, and his selection gave entire satisfaction to both parties to the dispute.

The Brazilian member of the Arbitral Court, the Baron do Itajubá, has won a title to respect in more than a single path of life. In his youth he was a professor of law at Rio de Janeiro; afterward he was appointed to represent his country as Consul-General at Hamburg, and for many years he enjoyed the distinction of representing the Imperial Court of Brazil at Berlin, though at present he holds the place of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Versailles.

It will be seen that the members of the Tribunal have not been chosen carelessly or at random—that the claimant and disputant alike may depend on their case going before men who can point to a long and honorable career as guaranteeing that the soundest judgment will be brought to the performance of their important functions.

Our readers are already familiar with the career of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the representative of this country at Geneva. He was born at Boston in 1807, is the grandson of John Adams, second President of the United States, and son of John Quincy Adams, sixth President. He accompanied his father to Russia and England. In the latter country he was placed at a boarding-school; and being a very high-spirited and patriotic boy, he became involved in a great many quarrels with his school-fellows, and fought many battles in defense of the honor of America. In 1828, having studied the law, he was called to the bar. The following year he married the youngest daughter of Mr. Peter C. Brooks, a very wealthy resident of Boston, which made him a brother-in-law of Edward Everett. In 1848, having left the Whig party, with which he had acted, he was nominated for Vice-President by the Free-soil party on the ticket with ex-President Van Buren. He served a term in Congress, and in 1861 was appointed United States Minister to England, where his services were of the utmost importance to this country during the war.

Sir Alexander James Edmund Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice, was born in London in 1802, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1825 he was admitted of the Middle Temple, and in 1829 was called to the bar. In 1841 he became a Q.C., and on account of the great ability with which he defended Lord Palmerston's foreign policy in the Don Pacifico debate, and the assistance which he gave to the Liberal party from time to time, he was appointed Solicitor-General in 1850 by Lord John Russell, and received the honor of knighthood. He then became Attorney-General under Lord Aberdeen, and subsequently Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. On the overthrow of the Derby administration in 1859, he was appointed to the Lord Chief Justiceship by the government of Lord Palmerston.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?"

"Why, Mr. Adair, I thought you were never late!" pouted Helen, from the window. "I have learned your virtues from Arthur, but I fear I shall have to learn your imperfections from yourself."

It was not a graceful speech, though the fair speaker did not mean it ungracefully. She was a little annoyed, as some young ladies are apt to be in such cases, with her lover's constant praises of his old friend: she had been aware that his opinion of her had been asked of him by Arthur, and though, of course, it had been a favorable one (as how could it have been otherwise, since the engagement had been already effected?), she resented the fact; and she objected to be kept waiting by any body.

"My dear young lady," said Jack Adair, holding up a fish-basket and displaying its contents, "these lobsters are my excuse, and, as you see, they blush for me. I was here at six o'clock, but went back for them to the faithless fishmonger's, who had promised them at that hour. The house was closed; and call me no recreant knight, since for your sweet sake I have broken, not a lance, indeed, but his chamber window."

"Adair is always right, Miss Somers; have you not learned that yet?" said Allardyce, in a low voice, and with a smile that might be good-natured or not as she chose to take it.

"Hollo!" said Tyndall, leaping lightly into the barge—"so the real recreants have turned up at last. I suppose they have introduced themselves; but if not, this is the Honorable Wynn Allardyce, commonly called 'Lardy;' and this, Mr. Paul Jones, of some unpronounceable place in Wales, commonly called the 'Pirate,' from his noted namesake, after whose example he has harried most of the watering-places of England, though without carrying off a prize. Jack you know."

Jack, whom they knew, was a fine young fellow of five or six and twenty, with curling brown hair, and a complexion as well tanned as English suns could effect. He had a pleasant smile, that was not meant for show, but as natural to him as scent to flowers, and a cheery voice, that in a small room faded persons with nerves had been known to consider a trifle loud, but which, in the present circumstances of open windows and river air, was just as it should be. Throughout the voyage none had ever need to say "What?" when Jack addressed them, notwithstanding the ripple of the wave against the prow, or the wash made in the weeds behind the stern; and when he laughed, as he did now at Tyndall's comical introduction, Echo laughed too from under Folly Bridge, and sniggered behind the distant walls of Magdalen.

"Are you all ready?" inquired Tyndall.

"Shall I lower the flag and start the horse?" inquired Mr. Jones.

"Oh, pray don't lower the flag," said Helen, piteously; "I think it looks so bright and pretty."

At this the men all laughed.

"My dear Helen," said Arthur, "you must know that Paul is nothing if he is not a sporting character; his metaphor is drawn from the race-course, where they lower the flag in sign of starting."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Mrs. Somers, to whom this explanation was insufficient; "don't let us have any racing, pray.—Oh lor, we're over! Save us, Mr. Tyndall—save my daughter!"

This passionate appeal was caused by the first movement of the barge, as the horse felt the spur, the rope tightened, and the keel of the *Lotus* clove the yielding wave.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Somers: we are just off, that's all," said Adair, good-naturedly.

"Just off, indeed!" returned she, indignantly; "I was just off the seat myself.—Ellen, my dear, this is shocking! The water is coming in, for I hear it. You have more influence with Arthur than I have, and you must insist on our being put on shore at once."

Poor Adair, having less power over his risible faculties than the other gentlemen, had retired precipitately to shriek and roar above the cabin roof, and he was not unheard.

"I call that man a demon," continued the exasperated old lady. "I believe he would laugh if we were all drowned."

"My dear mamma, there is no danger," explained Helen. "Do you suppose Arthur would let us run the slightest risk? The motion is very pleasant now, surely."

"You may think so, my dear. I dare say you would like riding on a camel, if Arthur was on the other hump; but I don't pretend to do so. I feel like blanc-mange, or a swan that's running on dry land—all of a wabble."

Mrs. Somers didn't look like a swan: with one hand she had grasped Mr. Paul Jones, who happened to be near her, by the coat collar, and with the other she held on to the leg of the table. "Do, pray, let Mr. Jones go, mamma," remonstrated Helen, in a whisper. "There is no occasion to take hold of any thing."

"I mean to do it, however," answered the old lady, resolutely; "if he's a pirate, he can swim; and as to the table, that 'll float of itself when the thing goes over."

It took all the ship's company, inclusive of Arthur's own man-servant, to calm the good lady's fears; and even when they succeeded, she was subject to relapses. Once she announced that the vessel had sprung a leak—on the evidence of a tear or two distilled from the great crystal iceberg which lay in one of the hampers in readiness for cup-time; and upon the first occasion of the tow-rope breaking, she went into hysterics. Eventually, however, she learned to enjoy the voyage like other folk; and when the rope was spliced for the fourteenth time, and Jack Adair made his celebrated joke about "eight knots an hour" being good sailing, she appreciated it as much as any body, and called him a sad wag. Except for the rope breaking, and even that was remedied at Abingdon by the purchase of a stronger one, there was no hitch in any of the arrangements. "Youth at the stern, and Pleasure at the prow," might have been taken for the motto of the *Lotus*. Past hall and hamlet, village church and ruined abbey, she glided on 'twixt meadows full of sheep and kine; underneath walls of woodland, through which the sunlight fell green and golden on her deck; deep down in cool dark locks, where glees were sung; past farms, that seemed the very homes of peace, where dappled cows stood knee-deep in the stream, and switched their tails and stared and chewed the cud; past villas with broad lawns, where beaux and belles suspended croquet while the gay ship passed; 'neath bridges, where the yeoman stopped his gig, the hind his team, to see her shoot the arch; past garden islets, with fair fishing temples, in which Love was worshiped by fond pairs, whose shallop, fastened to the willow, swayed and swayed as though impatient of its freight's delay; past island tongues, overrun by weed and tangle, their king the kingfisher, their queen the stately swan, whose nest, hidden by a belt of reeds, lay in the alders, where love was worshiped too.

The *Lotus*, since the horse was changed at intervals, went fast—so fast that, in mid-stream and where the current was strong, she seemed, to those who watched her from the shore, to glance by like the dragon-flies (and scarce less bright and gay) which flitted on the reeds beneath the bank; and only at the locks, and when the horse's rider cried out "Ferry!"—not the mere word, but a long, plaintive prolongation of it, which the echoing woods took up (as though they wished her gone, and helped her on her way, that they might have their looking-glass, the river, to themselves again)—was there need to tarry until the ferryman poled his great boat across, and her voyage could be resumed upon the other bank. And thus it happened that all the river life that was to be seen that day the *Lotus* saw. The eight-oared galleys and the racing skiff passed it at full swing, the oars with molten silver on their blades, and music in their even sweep; but ever and anon the *Lotus* came on them again, their panting crews resting beneath some full-foliaged bank, or passing the gleaming pewter from lip to lip at some river-side inn. As for the other craft, she passed them all, or rather they scattered at her approach (to give her room), like a swarm of gleaming fishes when the pike shows his peaked jaw: the painted wherry, wherein Paterfamilias plies the long-disused oar, and smiles upon his giggling girls; the steadfast punt, wherein the patient angler sits and casts the whirring line; the river yacht, that shoots from bank to bank, and at the moment when it seems to touch the shore, sheers off, and with her side kissing the stream, wooes once more with her sail the favoring breeze; or, pleasanter to view even than these, the little row-boats, whose scanty crews are weary of the oar, and have rigged out a sail—a jacket, or a bathing towel, or a shawl, perchance, borrowed from some fair passenger—and slowly drift, now here, now there, as the wind puffs, their inmates scarce awake enough to steer. Sweet is pleasure after toil, but sweeter leisure; and, lying at full length, or propped on one another's knees, these idlers neither found nor sought a haven.

Among so much that was picturesque it was difficult to decide what earned the palm; but Helen gave it to a snow-white swan, whose neck stiffened in angry scorn as the barge swept by her, curved down to seek beneath her wing for her frightened cygnets, who presently, as though assured of their safety and her maternal care, crept beak by beak out of their floating cradle, and launched themselves once more upon the scarce less native bosom of the stream. Mrs. Somers gave her note of preference in favor of a picnic party, who had landed on a flowery meadow to partake of their mid-day meal. It was a bachelor crew, and they had brought a tent with them, which made them independent of the inns at night—the beds of which, said Adair, who knew the river, "were mostly stuffed with mangel-wurzel." They had lit a gypsy fire for cooking purposes, and one who had charge of the commissariat was reading aloud to his lieutenant a list of articles which would be required for dinner: "Forks, spoons, and salad bowl, oil, ice, and nutmeg grater."

What struck the men's fancy most was their very narrow escape from a "running-down case." Ahead of the speedy *Lotus* was a sailing-boat that would *not* get out of the way. In vain were all cries of warning, from the shrill shrieks of the two ladies to the deep bass objurgations of the steersman. They came down upon her so closely that they could read *Laissez Aller* painted on her stern, and hear the canvas flap against her mast.

"She must be a derelict!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Then stop the boat!" cried Mrs. Somers, in an agony, and under the impression that a derelict was synonymous with a torpedo.

"There's nobody in her, madam," explained Jack Adair.

But as the barge swept past, shaving off the other's rudder, there were disclosed, sitting in the bottom of the boat, and under the shadow of the neglected sail, two very young gentlemen, with pipes in their mouths and cards in their hands, playing *écarté*. "I propose," said one; "but, by Jove, we're over!" "No, we are not," said the other, replacing his hat, which the shock had knocked off his head. "It's only the rudder gone. Play—I mark the king." Such were the scenes of humor, such the sights of beauty, that met their eyes upon "the silent highway."

It has occurred to most persons given to metaphor to compare a river to human life; but the comparison had a special application in the present case to one, at least, of the passengers of the *Lotus*.

"By Jove!" said Arthur, musingly, "how jolly the old river looks: all ripple and sunshine here, with its rich meadows and gleaming woods; and only to think that after a few miles it becomes dull and brackish and beastly!"

"When the vessels that it carries," continued Helen, taking up her lover's parable, and pleased to find herself a moralist, "are no more pleasure-skiffs, but ships of heavy burden."

"That's like one's Oxford life, and what it ends in," sighed Tyndall.

"Oh, Arthur!" remonstrated his betrothed, "that is but a poor compliment to *me*."

Arthur blushed, and stammered out some commonplace about having arrived in harbor, which was the end and object of man's voyage; but Adair struck in with a more meet apology.

"Indeed, Miss Somers, I think Arthur has said well; for the pleasure-skiff business can not last forever, and if it did, would pall upon us very much. It is in work of some sort that man finds his true happiness, and all our life-work is, so to speak, below bridge! Of course a man regrets his youth—the upper reaches of the river; but it is better for him when he gets into the broad navigable stream, far from the tempting backwaters that lure one to be idle, not to mention the perils of weirs and lashers."

"Was Arthur in danger from the weirs and lashers when you were at college together?" inquired Helen, with a forced smile. "He looks very guilty about something."

"I? Not a bit!" cried her lover, arousing himself, perhaps but from some pleasant dream of the past; but then, in the presence of the beloved object, we should be always wide awake, or only dream of the future. "I was a very good boy at college, and always went straight; or if I did not, blame Jack, for it was he who steered me.—What are Allardyce and Jones about, I wonder?"

Those two gentlemen had found the atmosphere of the cabin a little oppressive—not that it was hot, but because *ladies'* society had always, after a time, the effect of carbonic acid gas upon them, and they had exchanged it for the ozone of their own bachelor talk, which they were enjoying above the roof. The fact is (as generally happens on board ship, whether it be a pleasure-barge or a Cunard liner), the company, notwithstanding the varied attractions of the river, were getting a little tired of it and of one another, and had already broken into groups. It is not every body, and indeed, between ourselves, it is only a very few people, who care for natural scenery, though a great many pretend to care for it. To do the Honorable Wynn Allardyce and Paul Jones, Esquire, justice, they were not at all hypocrites in this respect, as we may learn from their private conversation.

"This is cursed dull!" observed the former, puffing at a gigantic cigar (with the lighted end of which he occasionally amused himself with raising blisters on the painted roof on which he leaned), and regarding nature generally with a depreciatory air—"dull as ditch-water."

"Infernally!" assented Mr. Jones. "What a nice game at loo one could have inside, if it wasn't for the women!"

"You mean, what a nice game *three* could have," said the other, significantly, "were the other charmers away."

"Charmers!" echoed Mr. Jones, contemptuously. "Adair is a real charmer, ain't he? Ugh!"

"Hush! Never mention names. Besides, I was alluding rather to the ladies. What do you think of the ladies, Paul?"

"I think the young un has a devil of a temper."

"Why so?"

"Because she pitches into Adair, though he is so civil to her, and looks queer even at her lovey-dovey when he ain't all smiles and attention. How any man *can* be such a fool as to want to marry such a virago is incredible to me!"

Allardyce smiled coldly. "Vainly is the snare set in the eyes of such a bird as my pretty Poll; but all folks are not so wise. If A. T. were not a fool in this respect, he might not be in another also, which would be a dead loss to you and me. It is the married men—if you notice—that are always our best customers. Weak with women, weak in every way, ought to be a proverb."

"That is ungrateful of you, since the sex are known to be very sweet upon *you*, Allardyce."

"That's quite another matter, Paul. Moreover, I owe them no gratitude, for it is not I whom they adore, but my title—such as it is. If my brother were to die, I should be a viscount, and then they would adore me twice as much. A title is to women what the herb valerian is to cats. They would roll themselves in titles if they could, and scent their pocket-handkerchief with them. Why, if *you* were a viscount, my good fellow—to take an extreme case—they would adore *you*."

"They shouldn't marry me, though," said Mr. Jones, resolutely. "If this girl here, for instance, was to go on her bended knees and implore me, with outstretched hands—"

"And twenty thousand pounds in each of them?" interposed Allardyce.

"Well, I wouldn't marry her even then."

"But, supposing that you owed a devil of a lot of money, and didn't see your way to paying it except by looking through a wedding-ring? Supposing you owed just three thousand, for instance?—a debt of honor, Paul, such as it would distress you not to get paid, I'm sure."

"You are right there," said Mr. Paul Jones, grimly. "It would very much distress me."

"Well, then, put yourself in this excellent young man's place, and be charitable to him. How do we know that he really cares a brass farthing for this young woman, who has given herself such airs to my pretty Poll, and stroked his feathers so very much the wrong way that he calls her a virago?"

"My dear fellow, I have no personal objection to the young lady whatever, upon my sacred honor. I only deplore—"

"Just so," interrupted Allardyce, coolly. "You only deplore her conduct. You invited yourself upon this charming expedition, and yet are surprised to find yourself *de trop*. If you were to propose to accompany these two young people on their honey-moon (which you are quite capable of doing), could you blame the bride for showing that she didn't want you?"

"But she don't want *you*, neither," argued Mr. Paul Jones, vehemently; "and yet she is civil enough to you. So is the old woman—a regular stiff un, if there ever was one—she cottons to you as though you were her Methodist parson."

"I tell you, my poor Paul, that I am the herb valerian, at which the cat will jump wherever you hang it; whereas you are, at the best, but a dandelion. Of course it is very rude of these women to make the difference so marked; but it is just like women to do so. In the case of the girl, especially, I don't wonder at your feeling galled. If our cases were reversed I think I should be inclined to say to myself, 'You shall pay for this, young woman, or, rather, your husband that is to be shall pay for you.'"

"So he shall," muttered Mr. Paul Jones. "That's well thought of."

"I mean to say, my dear fellow," continued the other, mildly, "that the next time it comes to be a question of taking one handful or two, that, if I were in your case, I should not be so easily satisfied, so Quixotically moderate, that's all."

"I've been much too good to him," said Mr. Jones, regretfully, "I know; but I thought that it was the safer plan, and that we should gain more by it in the long-run. But now, I'm cursed if every insolent look of his pretty doll sha'n't cost him a hundred pounds."

"It 'll be an expensive voyage to him at that rate, unless she improves in her manners, my dear fellow. I heard her ask Adair where on earth Tyndall picked you up."

"She did, did she?" returned the other, slowly. "I'll pick *him* up for that. We shall have a little game to-night, I dare say; and even if his dear Jack should keep his hawk's eye on us— Hush! I heard our names mentioned."

It was just at that moment that Arthur, in the cabin, had exclaimed, "I wonder what Allardyce and Jones are about?"

"I know what they're *thinking* about," said Adair, in a low voice, intended only for his friend's ear; but Helen heard him.

"What *are* they thinking about, Mr. Adair?" She was annoyed with him for having defended Arthur against herself, and if she did not raise her voice with the positive intent of making mischief, she took no pains to moderate it. Messrs. Jones and Allardyce popped their heads into the cabin in an instant.

"Did any one call us?" inquired Mr. Jones, innocently.—"The view of this mill-race is so entrancing, Miss Somers, that Allardyce and I were just wishing that you could be persuaded to bring out your sketch-book."

"Was *that* what they were thinking about, Mr. Adair?" reiterated Helen.—"No; it wasn't.—Do you mind his telling us what it really was, Mr. Allardyce?"

"I? certainly not," returned Allardyce, indifferently.—"Do you, Paul?"

"Well, that depends on what he says," answered Mr. Jones, uncomfortably.

"Well, that's the best thing he's said yet!" cried Mrs. Somers, clapping her hands, and laughing loudly.—"Oh, do let's hear it, Mr. Adair! There's nothing I dote on like conjuring tricks. When a party is getting a little dull it is the very best thing for stirring one up a bit.—I remember a clever toy as your cousin George made, Ellen—he as was afterward the civil engineer, and run over in the tunnel—which, when you pulled a string, a sharp needle ran into your thumb quite unexpectedly, and made him a great favorite at evening parties.—But can you really do it, Mr. Adair?"

"I can't run a needle into your thumb, but I can prick all your consciences, Mrs. Somers. See! here are five pieces of paper. It is now nearly one o'clock—a time very favorable for a horoscope—I will write down what every body in this company has been thinking about within these last ten mintues."

"Lor, Mr. Adair, you make my flesh creep."

"But supposing I am correct—which, I honestly tell you, I am sure to be—I exact one condition. You must own that I *am* correct, and the subject of your thoughts must remain a dead secret between each of you and myself. Is that agreed upon?"

"It's all rubbish!" said Mr. Paul Jones. "What does it signify whether we agree or not?"

"It may be rubbish," replied Adair, coolly; "yet I can afford to bet you five hundred pounds that I will succeed with you."

"You bet me five hundred pounds?" The little man had already pulled out a pocket-book and a metallic pencil, and looked all eyes.

"Yes, I will," said Adair, who had come quickly round, so as to place himself between Jones and Allardyce; "only I must not run all the risk, and you none. I have the utmost confidence in your word of honor, Mr. Paul Jones, but still it would be so easy to say, 'You are wrong,' you see, when I was right. I must therefore get Mr. Allardyce and yourself to put down, without collusion—upon paper—the subject of your private conversation during the last ten minutes (which you know I can not have overheard). These notes shall be placed in any third person's hands—say Tyndall's, for instance—and opened only if necessary; that is, if the correctness of my magic be disputed. Come, do you bet or not?"

"No; I won't bet," said Jones, doggedly, and after vainly endeavoring to exchange a glance with his friend. "It's all tomfoolery."

"I thought you wouldn't," said Adair, coolly. "I will show you the trick, however, without the money. See here. There are five pieces of paper, on each of which is written the most important topic that has occupied each of your minds during the ten minutes before this matter was broached. I throw the five paper packets down upon the cabin table, and perform my miracle upon the tacit understanding that nobody will meddle with them unless under the conditions I shall name."

"That is but fair," said Helen, "though I don't believe in you a bit."

"Very good: if your faith is taxed, your patience shall not be so. All is ready; but only one at a time, if you please."

"Now, mamma, open yours first, and tell us whether Mr. Adair has read your thoughts aright."

"Yes, indeed, he has, my dear!" exclaimed the old lady, excitedly. "It's a most remarkable thing, I'm sure; for I never mentioned it to a soul.—Why, you're a perfect conjurer, Mr. Adair. Where *did* you learn to do it?"

"I was taught it at Cairo, my dear madam, by an Egyptian wizard; and I have never known the thing to fail. But with every experiment the details are a little different. For instance, it will now be necessary for the person whose thought has been guessed to mention it aloud."

The effect of this announcement was remarkable.

"But it might have been a very private thought," urged Helen; "one which one would not like to have made known to every body." The fact was, she had been speculating in her own mind about those "weirs and lashers"—the temptations and dissipations into which it was more than possible her beloved Arthur might have been led at Oxford, and that was not a subject for the public ear.

"I told you I should prick your consciences," said Adair, smiling. "Those who object to the ordeal have only to tear up their pellets without looking into them."

"I tear up mine," said Allardyce, suiting the action to the word, "not because I have the least faith in the sorcery, but lest something might be written in it which it would be more embarrassing for others to hear than for the reader to repeat."

"I am sure," said Tyndall, "that Jack is incapable of setting down on paper—"

"Pray, don't defend me, Arthur," broke in Adair. "Allardyce best knows what he was thinking about, and if I was not right, there would have been no occasion for him to read it."

"By Jove! that's true," said Tyndall. "I think he had you there, my honorable friend."

"Come, Arthur, we have not heard your thought," interposed Helen, with a gayety that women can so easily assume when quarrels threaten.

"Nay, nay," whispered he; "since *you* have declared off, by reason of the tender character of your meditations, you must credit me with similar sweet thoughts." He also tore up his paper. Perhaps Arthur Tyndall, like Allardyce, had his fear, though of a different kind. At all events, he had good reason to know that his friend Jack might have hit upon his recent thoughts without any aid from the Egyptian wizard, and he did not wish that worthy's reputation to be enhanced at his expense.

"I don't believe you," said Helen, pouting (for the weirs and lashers were still upon her mind). "If you were thinking of me, you know, you might tell it to me; that is, just whisper it."

"But we promised Adair, you know, to say it aloud, or not to tell it at all. Did we not, Jack?"

But Jack's voice was raised even louder than usual, and his attention engaged elsewhere. Something very like an altercation appeared to have sprung up between him and Mr. Paul Jones. "You have read the paper, Sir," exclaimed Adair, with energy.

"So help me— I mean, I haven't, upon my soul!" returned the other, earnestly. "I only took it up; and there it is, you see, torn into little bits."

"The word of a gentleman is always sufficient without an oath, Mr. Jones. Of course I believe you; and, indeed, if you had broken our agreement, it would have mattered little, for, in such a case, the paper would have only shown you some commonplace word without any meaning attached to it, or else a blank. That is the way the Egyptian always confounds slippery folks."

With a forced laugh and a red face, Mr. Paul Jones lounged out of the cabin, and joined his friend Allardyce, who was standing in the bow of the boat.

"Upon my life, Adair," said Tyndall, taking up the position the others had vacated above the roof, and beckoning to his friend to join him, "you have made a very unpleasant quarter of an hour for us."

"I couldn't help it, my dear fellow. I couldn't tell Miss Somers what those men were really thinking about, in fairness to themselves, and you surely would not have had me tell a lie. It was a plant of some sort they were plotting, I'll lay my life."

"No friends of mine are given to 'plants,' Adair," answered Tyndall, coldly. "You allow your prejudices to take too great liberties with men's characters."

"Well, at all events, the little beggar didn't venture to take my bet; and I believe, if I had written 'cards,' I should have won it."

"Well, and what *did* you write?"

"Oh, that is a secret between myself, the Egyptian, and one other."

"Oh, come; the Egyptian may have put you up to a wrinkle or two in the way of fortune-telling and card-sharping, in return for your saving his boy from the bastinado; but you must not expect me to believe in his magical powers, though you did take in that excellent old lady."

"It seems to me that, like all the rest, you fought rather shy of testing them, however," said Adair, slyly.

"Well, Jack, the fact is, that throughout this blessed voyage I've been thinking of poor Jenny. What a fool I was, by-the-bye, to come by the river, where every thing, of course, reminds me of her! and when you talked of Oxford days, my mind played truant altogether."

"It should not have done that," said Adair, gravely; "neither should you have supposed that, for the sake of a stupid jest, I should have played with the feelings of my friend."

"You are right there, old fellow. That was a bad compliment to you, I allow," said Tyndall, laying his hand on the other's arm. "But my conscience was pricked a little, I suppose, and when that happens one loses one's judgment, and grows suspicious of every body."

"I wish you would let your suspicions light on those who are deserving of them," said Adair, significantly. "What sort of a fellow do you think he must be who violates a tacit agreement, and when taxed with it, is ready to take his oath to a lie?"

"Well, he would be no sweetmeat, certainly."

"In other words, my dear Tyndall, he would be a scoundrel, and yet that is just what Mr. Paul Jones has done. He is the 'one other' that shares the secret. I saw him take up the packet, and substitute another one in its place, which he tore up with scrupulous honesty. The original paper he has got in his pocket."

"I hope what is written on it is not insulting," said Tyndall, earnestly. "I have my reasons for not making an enemy of that man."

"I am sorry for that, because, unless I am much mistaken, he is a ready-made one, Arthur," said the other, dryly. "But there is nothing on the paper to hurt his feelings, except, to be sure, I told him that the Egyptian confounded scoundrels by substituting a commonplace word for their secret thought, so that he will feel himself convicted of being a rascal."

"But what *was* the word, Jack?"

"Well, it was the same that was written on all the papers. I knew that it was what your excellent mother-in-law that is to be was thinking of, and I managed the drawing so that she should be my first convert."

"But what *was* the word, Jack?"

"Well, it's what your man is ringing that bell for, if I am not mistaken—*lunch*."

CHAPTER IV.

AGAINST TIME.

LUNCH is good at all times, if you have but got the appetite for it. A mid-day meal, however stupid Fashion may flout it, with her late breakfasts and early kettle-drums, is Nature's requirement, for which more than the ten minutes "guaranteed" by the railway companies at their refreshment stations should always be allowed. It is not a repast to be hurried over, standing at a counter with somebody waiting for your place. It is derogatory to its noble character to call it a snack, or to consider it as a stop-gap; for is it not the half-way house between breakfast and dinner which Providence has placed upon the high-road of daily life? At it we are bound to make up for our deficiencies at the former meal, and to take no thought for the latter, but to eat as much as possible, and of the very best; for who of us is perfectly certain that he shall live till dinner-time? If it be but "a biscuit and a glass of sherry," it invigorates us more than a far more ambitious refection at another time, and we are more thankful for it, though the formula of grace is dispensed with; while, if the lunch be on a scale commensurate with its opportuneness—iced Moselle cup and a lobster mayonnaise, for example—and the spot chosen for its consumption be in a concatenation accordingly—in a gilded barge, moored to the river-bank, with the lapping water for music, and the smile of beauty for light— But the very idea of such a divine festival is rendering us as incoherent as though we had already partaken of it. Imagine, then, the gilded *Lotus* moored beside the towing-path that fringes an emerald mead, powdered by golden kingcups and giant daisies; the noonday sun is blazing down on the cabin roof, but all within is cool; the river airs blow freely through the open windows; the table, clothed in white, is sparkling with glass and silver, and the song of birds mingles with the chirrup of the frequent cork. Charles (Arthur's man) having made the "cup," and delicately concocted the salad, has betaken himself with the other men across the stream to the public-house, a fairy bower decked with roses, and lying in the bosom of a wood. *They* likewise are doubtless at lunch, and so, beyond all question, is the unharnessed steed, which crops the meadow without a scruple respecting the rights of property or laws of trespass. It is a time when even the most orthodox ask themselves whether human nature is, after all, so bad, or its "look-out" so exceedingly uncomfortable as the theologians describe it to be. The discordant elements that have already evinced themselves in our little company during their river voyage are hushed; the oil and vinegar are, for the present, mixed as harmoniously as in the salad bowl.

"Now this is what I call the best part of it all!" exclaimed Mrs. Somers, emphatically, poising a bit of chicken on her fork, and regarding these bright surroundings.

"Do you mean the liver-wing, mamma?" inquired Helen, roguishly.

"Well, yes, my dear, *that* is very good, and Arthur could not have helped me more to my liking. One of the things that has always puzzled me in life is why chickens should not have been made with two livers—the gizzard being so indigestible. But I meant the luncheon altogether, with our pretty look-out upon the woods and swans and things."

"Take some lobster, my dear madam," said Mr. Jones. "You'll find it rhymes to chicken beautifully."

"Stuff and nonsense, Mr. Jones! I mayn't be a poet, but I know better than that. Chickens rhymes to pickings, and very pretty pickings they are. Well, since you are so pressing, I *will* have a piece of lobster, though perhaps it's hardly prudent."

"She is thinking of the fate of the deputy-recorder," observed Mr. Paul Jones, whose face had already disappeared pretty often in the ample tankard of Moselle cup.

"Don't you be too confident, mister," returned the old lady, tartly. "When the boat begins to wabble again, *you'll* be none too comfortable, unless I'm much mistaken. By-the-bye, what makes those lily-buds bob about so, child?"

"Hush, mamma; they are not lily-buds," whispered Helen. "They are ducks diving."

"Lawk-a-mercy, so they are!" said Mrs. Somers, putting up her double gold eyeglasses. "I wonder they don't get blood to their head."

At this, despite all politeness, natural or acquired, the whole party could scarcely restrain their mirth: the ducks in their inverted position did really look so very like lily-buds. Jack Adair fled to the tankard, in hopes to hide in its contents any expression of disrespect toward Miss Helen's mamma; but, unhappily, it had a glass bottom, through which his countenance was revealed to that lady with shocking distinctness. He caught her eye, and fled to the bows of the barge in roars of laughter. Peal on peal they issued from his stentorian lungs, as he lay on the deck, and gesticulated—it was thought toward the ducks—with frantic earnestness.

"The man's mad," said Mrs. Somers, red with rage and lobster. "What makes him laugh so?"

"The gee—the gee—the *horse!*" stammered Jack, and off he went again into a fresh paroxysm. All looked toward the bank, and lo! making his way toward the horizon, and already two fields away, trotted their faithless steed!

He had mistaken some movement on board the boat for a command to resume his journey, and there he was jogging leisurely on, doubtless under the impression that he had the rope attached to him, and was giving every satisfaction to his employers of which horse-power is capable. Then every body roared together, including even the Honorable Wynn Allardyce, who, though he had a thin acid wit of his own, was not very susceptible of a joke.

"Paul, you must fetch the horse," said he, peremptorily, as soon as he could speak.

"The horse be blowed!" returned Mr. Paul Jones. "Why should *I* fetch the horse?"

"Because the horse *is* blowed," answered his friend, coolly. "We should not have expected it of you had he been a fresh one."

"Why shouldn't *he* go?" remonstrated Mr. Jones, motioning toward Adair. Poor Paul was stout, and abhorred exercise of all kinds.

Allardyce, however, whispered a few words hurriedly into his ear, when off started his henchman, reluctantly enough, but at a good round trot, which was his best pace.

"I should think Jones had scarcely ever run since he was a boy," observed Arthur.

"Except to seed," said Allardyce, dryly; "certainly never after a horse. I'll bet he catches him, however."

"That is equivalent to saying you will bet Jones don't have a fit. The horse must stop sooner or later, when he comes to a shut gate."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do, Tyndall: I'll take ten to one he rides him home!"

"The deuce you will! Let me quite understand you. Will you take ten to one in pounds that our fat friend will mount that bare-backed steed and ride him home?"

"Oh, dear me! they're going to bet," exclaimed Mrs. Somers, uneasily.

"Let us say shillings instead of pounds before the ladies," whispered Allardyce, hurriedly. "I'll take you in fivers, if you like."

"Very good," returned Arthur, aloud. "If pounds is too much, let us say crowns."

"That is better," said Mrs. Somers, approvingly. "But why not bet in postage stamps? That is quite enough for amusement."

"Stop a bit, Tyndall; I can afford to give you a point better," said Adair. "I'll take your nine to one."

"It's fivers, Jack," whispered Arthur.

"I thought so," said Adair, coolly. "But, nevertheless, I'll take the bet."

"I had no idea you were such a sporting character," said Arthur, with unfeigned surprise. "Well, Allardyce, he's spoiled your market, unless you undersell him."

"I'll take your eight to one," answered Allardyce, keeping his eyes fixed on Paul's retreating figure; "eight crowns to one."

"I'll take five," said Jack.

"Adair must be mad," remarked Allardyce, "or have more money than he knows what to do with." His tone was careless enough, but his brow was knit, and his lips were pressed closely together.

"Five crowns to one with *you*, then, Jack," said Arthur; "though I had rather it had been Allardyce's money," he added, in a lower tone.

Jack chuckled with even more than his usual zest. "It is you who will lose, my dear fellow. Look, look at the Pirate; he has neared the chase, and fired a shot across his bows."

Mr. Paul Jones had, in fact, come up with the runaway horse, and was throwing stones apparently at its nose—it was a quiet and inoffensive animal enough, with almost a too delicate sense of duty, as we have seen—but he was afraid to take hold of its bridle. At last he accomplished this dangerous feat, and stopped it.

"Bravo, Jones! Now get up," said Jack, approvingly.

"He never will—he never can," said Arthur. "To him it is a Tartar of the Ukraine breed."

"Never mind that; you don't know his courage, and you underrate his activity, my dear fellow. Mrs. Somers, Miss Helen, here is a spectacle."

Thus adjured, the ladies came out of the cabin to watch it. Instead of leading back the animal, as Mr. Jones might certainly have been expected to do, he was making the most frantic efforts to mount him. Twice he got half-way up, and twice the noble steed wheeled round, and off he slipped again; the third time he succeeded so far as to establish an equilibrium; half his body remained on one side of the horse and half on the other, like a sack of corn. Perhaps the clatter of the stirrups, as he strove to introduce his foot in one of them, alarmed the creature, or perhaps it caught sight of the barge, which suggested to it that it had deserted its post, but off it started at a canter. Nothing of the sort had ever given so much general satisfaction since Richard III. had returned in similar fashion from the field of Bosworth; but Mr. Jones had the advantage of that monarch in the matter of vitality; he was very literally alive and kicking; and, as he drew nearer, could be heard apostrophizing the powers of darkness, and consigning the good steed that bore him to perdition, just as though it had been a fellow-creature of his own species. All were much too exhausted with laughter to rescue him, except Allardyce, whose face wore only a sardonic smile, which did not give much promise of assistance; but, fortunately for the victim, his Rosinante stopped of its own accord beside the barge, and began to crop the herbage. Then Mr. Paul Jones rolled off, and sitting on the ground, regarded his unsympathizing friends with reproachful hate.

"I think you might have stopped that beast of a horse, instead of giggling, some of you," muttered he, vaguely.

"I am sure I wish they had," said Tyndall, wiping away the tears of laughter from his eyes; "for you've cost me five-and-twenty pounds."

"Cost you *what*, Arthur?" cried Mrs. Somers, excitedly.

"Five-and-twenty crowns—I mean five-and-twenty shillings," said Tyndall, floundering a little in his arithmetic, for he was not used to cooking his accounts.

"Was it really pounds or shillings, Mr. Allardyce?" inquired Helen, in a low voice.

"You had better ask Mr. Adair," answered he, in the same confidential tone. "He is all candor and veracity, you know. As for me, I am a wicked gambler, as I dare say he has told you."

"He has told me nothing; but I like people to be open in what they do, even if it is bad."

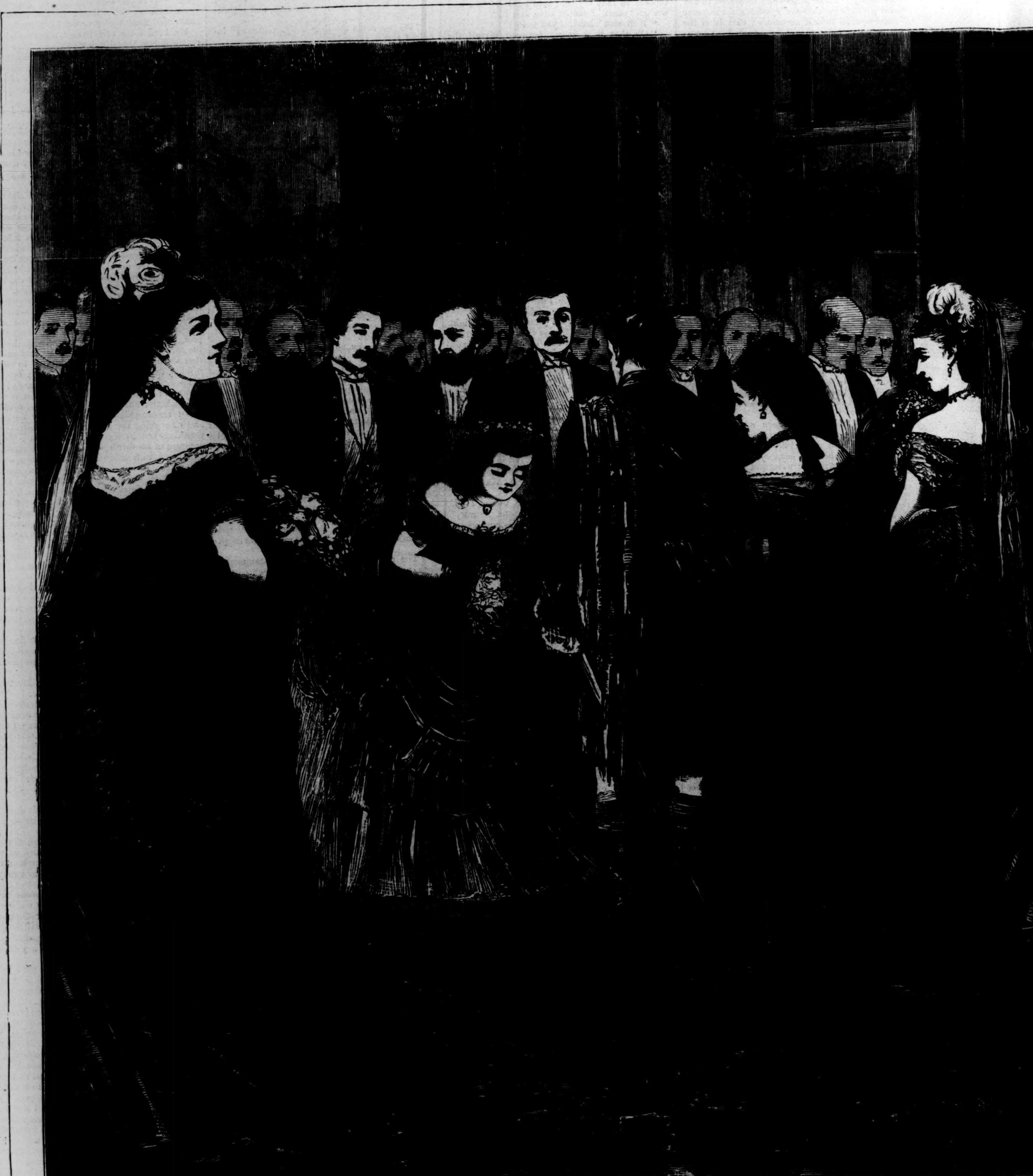
Allardyce stole a glance at her of admiration mingled with humility. "I am not used to such noble natures," said he, and sighed.—"Well, Paul, you are not hurt, I hope?"

"Yes, I am," said the object of his doubtful solicitude, rubbing himself in sundry places. "I am shaken to pieces."

"Take a drop of brandy," said Mrs. Somers, good-naturedly forgetting her hostility to this fallen foe. "That will settle your inside; and when you go to bed, get somebody to rub you with spirits."

"And in the mean time take some more lunch," added Tyndall. "If there are any ribs broken, there is nothing like filling them up. Here is a galantine of turkey that will be just the thing. Come, let us all resume our duties.—Jack, make some more cup; there's a good fellow."

Helen looked at Jack as though he were by no means a good fellow, and even at her Arthur with some displeasure; but she sat down again at table with the rest without remark. The interrupted repast, which had, indeed, but just been begun, was recommenced, and good Humor (handmaid to Lunch) reassumed her reign. If Mr. Paul Jones was somewhat mercilessly rallied upon his recent Great Act of Equitation, he bore it in good part; he talked unceasingly; the brandy and cup combined brought out in him a hateful characteristic—a hankering to stand up and make speeches: he wished to propose Tyndall's health, and if that desire had not been sternly repressed by the object of his enthusiasm, would, without doubt, have "begged permission to couple with it that of the lovely mistress of the ceremonies, *need he say* Miss Helen Somers." The instincts of the commercial traveler were terribly strong in him, and liquor stirred them within him. Jack Adair looked at him as though it would presently become incumbent on him, as Arthur's nearest friend, to put this little man in the river. That most excellent gift, Tolerance, is, however, one of the first-fruits of a pleasant meal, and Mr. Paul Jones's vulgarity, which an hour ago would have caused disgust, now only excited mirth. Allardyce, at first ashamed of his companion, now regarded him with patronizing favor, as though he were the proprietor of this curious animal, whose gambols so amused the company.



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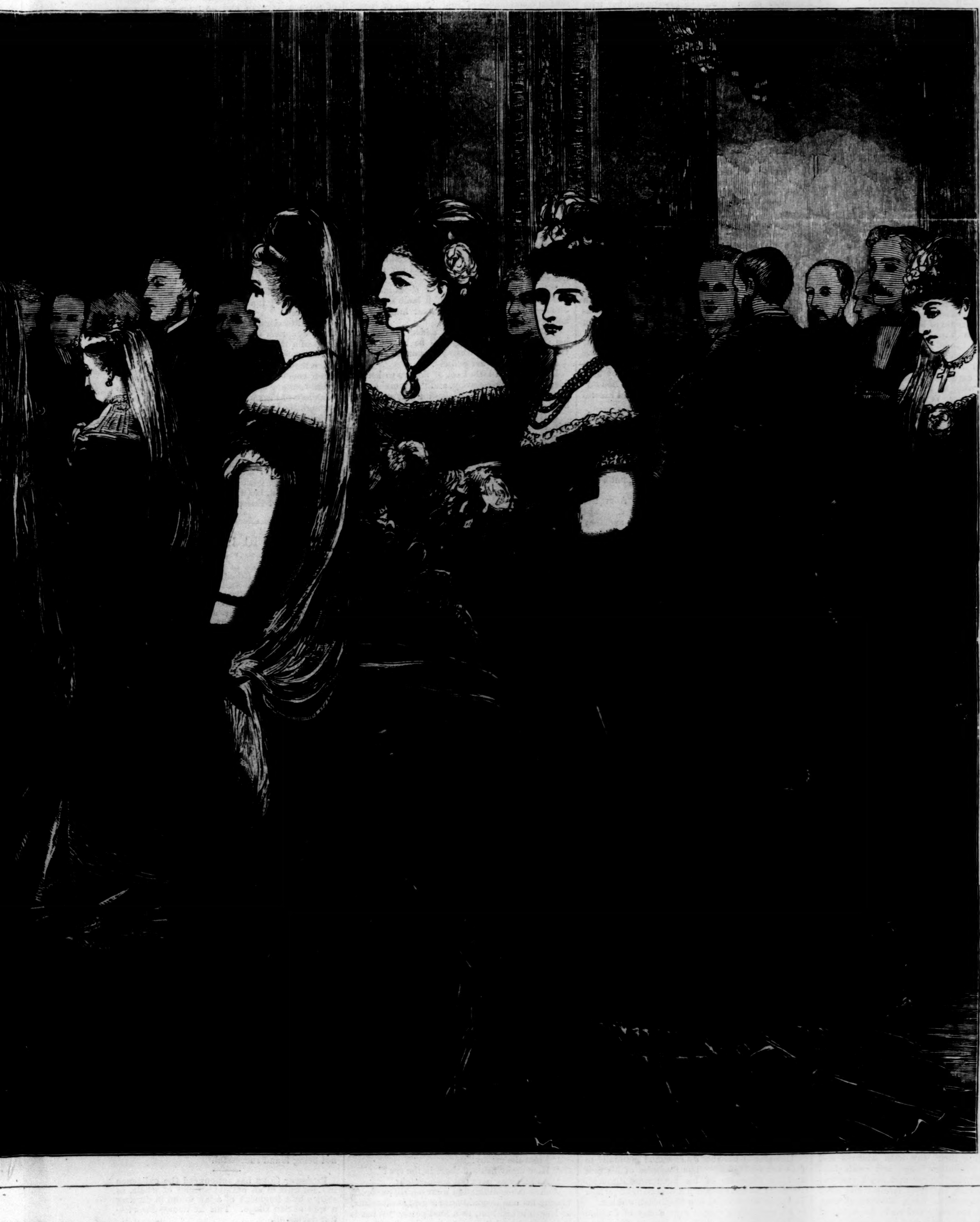


COURT.—[See Page 434.]

THE LORELEY.

AFTER HEINE.

I canna tell what has come ower me
  That I am sae eerie and wae;
An auld-warld tale comes before me,
  It haunts me by nicht and by day.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,
  And the Rhine slips saftly by;
The taps o' the mountains shimmer
  I' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',
  Sits a maiden wondrous fair;
Her gowden adornments are glancin',
  She is kaimin' her gowden hair.

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,
  The while she is singin' a song,
That hauds the rapt soul that listens
  With its melody sweet and strong.

The boy, floatin' by in vague wonder,
  Is seized wi' a wild weird love;
He sees na' the black rocks under—
  He sees but the Vision above.

The waters their waves are flingin'
  Ower boatie and boatman anon;
And this wi' her airtfu' singin'
  The Water-witch Lurley has done.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

The visit of Miss Nellie Grant to London has made quite a sensation in the higher circles of English society, while some of the leading journals regard it as a fitting occasion to prove that the English desire to cultivate friendly relations with America. Mindful of the hearty and cordial welcome of her own children in this country, Queen Victoria sent a functionary from the Lord Chamberlain's office to our legation to say that she desired to see Miss Grant, and to ask in what manner a visit could be arranged most agreeable to her. The Secretary of Legation, who, as the correspondent of the *Tribune* truly says, is as accomplished in the mysteries of etiquette as in all others belonging to the profession of diplomacy, intimated that Miss Grant would prefer a private reception to a presentation at a general levee; and it was thereupon arranged that she should be received in private audience by the Queen on Thursday, April 25.

This exceptional ceremony was intended as a particular mark of cordiality and respect, and it was discussed in the papers with much gravity. The London *Times* of April 27 said:

> "The event, though certainly of special note, is not altogether so remarkable as it would have been in the last generation, for royal personages now go freely on their travels, and the Queen's son himself visited the United States before any President's daughter arrived in England. Travel, in fact, from which were once excluded the classes at both extremities of the social scale, has now become the resource of all. Crowned heads no longer stay at home, and classes beneath the middle class find opportunities of going abroad. Nevertheless, the arrival of this lady in our country, and especially at this conjuncture in the relations of the two states, is an occurrence worthy of reflection. Miss Grant will naturally enjoy the advantages attached to her position, and she will be enabled to carry back with her to America a more than ordinary amount of that information in which, it is said, the people of both countries are, to their common detriment, so singularly deficient."

In connection with this pleasant social event we give a double-page illustration of a general drawing-room reception by the Queen, which took place about the same time. The ceremony of presentation is as follows: The embassadors stand on the Queen's left, the Lord Chamberlain to the right, and as the lady approaches from the doorway the Lord Chamberlain announces her name, and also that of the lady who introduces her; the lady presented then kisses the Queen's hand, bows to each member of the royal family, and retires backward for a short distance.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD MARKET-PLACE.

You know old Washington Market? Of course you do. If an overburdened family man, you do; if an underpaid and overworked boarding-house keeper, you do; if an epicure in search of rarest combinations for to-day's dinner, or an artist with an eye for picturesque effect and odd bits of local coloring, or a philosopher intent on the study of human nature, doubtless you have spent many an hour in the old overgrown structure, which, out at elbows and bursting its bonds on every side, presents attractions that no future more convenient and conventional building will ever possess. For it is, of course, destined to pass away, this picturesque and uncivilized old quarter, with every thing else peculiarly characteristic of "old times" in New York; but the old folk who have jostled their way and convoyed their brimming dinner-baskets through the ancient structure will scarcely rejoice in the change. It has no daintiness, to be sure, this big-hearted foster-mother of the city, but then it does not demand that your purse be well filled in order to supply your wants. A beggar, it has a bone and a crust at your service; a millionaire, it stretches its genie hands to the ends of the earth to give you largess.

A rude, rough place, doubtless, crowded with people elbowing their way from wharves and docks and brimming boats, and small buyers who chaffer and linger and block the way with huge baskets, and lusty farmers and stout young market-men—a busy, bustling throng, while over all the hurry and rush, the odors of decaying vegetables and unclean streets, floats airily the delicious scent of fruit and flowers, and occasionally the dream-like fragrance of water-lilies mingles with the homely sweetness of honeysuckles and lavender from the farm gardens.

On the outskirts of the market are the small dealers, sturdy apple-women, and thrifty sellers of cheap hose, penknives, combs, and the like; a shopless and audacious race, who drive their small trade and thrive in a way that must be quite incomprehensible to their heartier brothers and sisters of the fraternity.

I have no doubt that many of my readers remember among these old Lizette and her trim fruit stand. She was worthy of remembrance, old Lizette, for she was a bright and blithe old woman, with a touch of foreign blood in her veins that made her cheeks rosy and her manner attractive at sixty. One of those rude, bright blossoms that sometimes flower out of the débris of lower life, and are not without a certain quaint and wrinkled beauty, a type unknown among American women.

There was a flavor and sharpness about old Lizette not to be found in any mild summer-grown fruit. First-rate gentlemen, she boasted, did not disdain to stop and have a chat with her, eating meanwhile an apple or so, polished to extra brilliancy on her clean check apron.

Her French blood showed itself in a certain picturesqueness and love of color; and her horny hand was capable of other things besides taking in coppers—a significance of gesture, an eloquence of suggestion, which daintier digits seldom possess. It was an industrious hand also, keeping little Lucile, her granddaughter, and the pride of her heart, as well clothed as child need be. Lucile shone like a red rose when she sold flowers on the street or in the market-place, and her scarlet apron and nut-brown face were as pretty a sight as any thereabout.

When I knew old Lizette she was thrifty as a bee, well content with her lot, and would probably have lived and died so had not something happened.

What happened was this. Her old kinsman, the rag merchant, died. He left hastily, making no sign; left his unsorted linen, his unwashed cotton, and all the money he had made by long years of wandering the streets, ill fed, ill housed, unwashed, and unkempt—left all, and old Lizette fell heir to the prize.

Doubtless the money came as clean and welcome to her as though it had been dug straight from the mine. And very soon it became apparent that a change was about taking place in the old woman's way of life. There was Lucile. Lucile must quit her flower vending and street trading. Lucile should be no grisette, but a real lady. Lucile must be sent to school.

Straightway the two disappeared from the busy market-place, which closed over their absence like tide-water over a sea-weed, and they were forgotten. Forgotten by all but Jim D——, the young market-gardener, who used to stop and chat with Lucile, and bring her coreopsis and dahlias from his farm garden to add to her fall stock. Jim looked in vain for her when next he drove into town. His eye had grown accustomed to seeing the child with her scarlet jacket and apron; and the market and its throng of comers and goers looked gray and empty without her.

He lingered around, poor fellow, many a day after his turnips and cabbages were all sold. He strolled up and down with his hands in his pockets, looking for something among the eager jostling men and women, eager as they, but not so soon to be satisfied.

Day after day, in vain; up and down all the neighboring streets, in vain; to the great docks, and the crowded boats coming in with their teeming freights and folk to the teeming city, in vain. No Lucile. No one in all the bustling place, where the old woman had driven her thrifty trade for so many years, knew aught of their whereabouts. Two waifs drifting in on the current of the great city, they had drifted out again with no one to note their departure.

Two years went by—three—and still Jim looked and waited.

Folk doubtless thought the young fellow was growing shiftless and idle, hanging about so vacantly, or driving sulkily homeward, sometimes with an unsold load of vegetables.

Lucile, so suddenly taken out of his life, had become an angel in his estimate—an angel translated to a heaven of silks and velvets, of polish and silver forks. She would grow so fine a lady at school, so wise and learned, that she would not know him, perhaps; but he would wait.

I remember seeing him one day lingering thus at a corner, his uneasy horse stamping in a by-street, its master gazing up and down as though he were awaiting the second advent. Careless and "seedy" the young man had grown, it is true; but his face was not degraded by having an ideality added to its homely expression. I liked his face.

"You see she's rich, and all that," said Jim to me, talking in confidence, "and she's grown up to be a young lady by this time; but she *did* promise to meet me down this way some day, and I don't want to keep her waiting, you know."

Was the lad getting demented? It is said that one morbid idea preying upon the mind will utterly consume its energies: but if the idea be the best of all one's thoughts, how then? Can what is noblest in human nature, faithfulness—what is finest in human perception, love of beauty—what is most commendable in religion, forgetfulness of self—can these things insnare a man to his destruction?

However it may be, Jim seemed gradually to fade out of himself. The freshness of his face and the cleanness of his linen were dimmed. Probably he was too much absorbed to know how he appeared—wistful, overshadowed, waiting.

At last—there comes ever a day of fruition at last, does there not?—at last, as the young man hovered on his favorite corner one day, there came driving down on its way to the boat a stylish equipage, whose two sprightly steeds, gay with gilt trappings, whisked their tails in the face of Jim's old gray mare as they pranced daintily through the dingy street.

Leaning back in the carriage sat a wrinkled old woman, bedecked more gayly than old women are wont to be; while on the front seat, chatting gayly with a pleasant-looking gentleman in eyeglasses, sat a young girl, a bright-eyed brunette, superbly dressed. As they turned the corner the girl's eye caught sight of the sad and sunken countenance of Jim. A smile of recognition lit up her face; she leaned from the carriage eagerly, stretching out her gloved hand. It was Lucile.

Like one dazed with the sun in his eyes, Jim stepped forward, his face flushed, his lip trembling.

"Why, Jim, Jim, you dear old Jim!" cried the lady, excitedly. "Doctor, this is my old friend Jim that I've told you about so often!"

"Ah!" said the doctor, eying the young man with an inspecting and professional air from the crown of the battered felt hat to the turned-up trowsers and muddy boots.

"I like him, doctor, don't you?" said Lucile.

"And I—O God!—I *love* her!" gasped out poor Jim, as if the time had come at last to speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"That is rather bad," said the doctor, with an amused air, yet not unkindly—"rather bad for you two, considering that *we* two, Lucile and I, are in the same category, eh?"

"Now, doctor!" Lucile smiled archly, lifting up a reproving finger. Jim remembered that pretty action in the old flower-selling times when any intrusive hand disturbed her fragrant treasures.

"You know," she said, "I shouldn't have had a friend in those days if it hadn't been for Jim—should I, grannie? I want him to come and see us when—"

"When we are married," added her companion. "Oh, of course, I shall be happy to see you at any time, Sir, when you come to H——."

He touched his hat politely.

Lucile flung a little knot of flowers to her old friend as they drove away, and "grannie" looked after him half wistfully, shading her eyes with her horny hand—and that was all.

Is there any moral to such a tale? Not in real life, I think.

If my friend Jim recovered from the blow and sturdily returned to every-day life and work, plowed and sowed, and brought the freshest of vegetables to the old market-place after the love-light had gone out of it, and if he, by-and-by, married a buxom wife—what of it?

A JESTING MARSHAL.

The stories told of the celebrated Russian Marshal Suvôroff display better than whole pages of description the wonderful way in which he contrived to adapt himself to the rude spirits with whom he had to deal, without losing one jot of his authority. What Napoleon was to the French army, Suvôroff was to that of Russia; now jesting with a soldier, and now rebuking a general; one day sharing a ration of black bread beside a bivouac fire, and the next speaking as an equal to princes and potentates. In fact, the two great sponsors of Russian wit form a most picturesque contrast. Balâkireff has very much the character of a spaniel in a lion's cage—admiring even while mocking his formidable patron, behaving toward him with a half-waggish, half-affectionate familiarity, perpetually offending, and perpetually forgiven. Suvôroff comes before us as an uncrowned king, one whose authority needed no outward symbol; an autocrat of Nature's making, full of a rough, hearty familiarity that was in no danger of breeding contempt, and surrounded by men who enjoyed the bonhomie while they dreaded the displeasure of the little pug-nosed, grimy man, who was in their eyes the incarnation of earthly power and grandeur.

It must be owned, however, that in his own peculiar vein of pleasantry the old marshal more than once met with his match. One of his favorite jokes was to confuse a man by asking him, unexpectedly, "How many stars are there in the sky!"

On one occasion he put this question to one of his sentries on a bitter January night such as only Russia can produce. The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered, coolly, "Wait a little, and I'll tell you;" and he deliberately began to count, "One, two, three," etc. In this way he went gravely on to a hundred, at which point Suvôroff, who was already half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of this ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted, and the story (which Suvôroff told with great glee to his staff) speedily made its way through the whole army.

On another occasion one of his generals of division sent him a sergeant with dispatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvôroff's notice. The marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions; but the catechumen was equal to the occasion.

"How far is it to the moon?" asked Suvôroff.

"Two of your excellency's forced marches," answered the sergeant.

"Supposing you were blockaded, and had no provisions left, how would you supply yourself?"

"From the enemy."

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"As many as have not been caught."

And so the examination went on, till Suvôroff, finding his new acquaintance armed at all points, at length asked him, as a final poser, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"The difference is this," replied the soldier, coolly; "my colonel can not make me a captain, but your excellency has only to say the word."

Suvôroff, struck by his shrewdness, kept his eye upon the man, and in no long time after actually gave him the specified promotion.

The anecdotes of the great marshal's eccentricities—his habit of wandering about the camp in disguise, his whim of giving the signal for assault by crowing like a cock, his astounding endurance of heat and cold, his savage disregard of personal comfort and neatness—are beyond calculation; but perhaps the most characteristic of all was his appearance in 1799 at the Austrian court—then one of the most brilliant in Europe. On being shown to the room prepared for him (a splendid apartment, filled with costly mirrors and rich furniture) this modern Diogenes said, simply, "Turn out all that rubbish, and shake me down some straw." An Austrian grandee who came to visit him was startled at these preparations, and still more so at the first sight of the marshal's "baggage," which consisted of two coarse shirts and a tattered cloak tied up in a bundle.

"Is that enough for winter?" asked the astounded visitor.

"The winter's the father of us Russians," answered Suvôroff, with a grin; "besides, you don't feel the cold when you're riding full gallop."

"But when you're tired of riding, what do you do?"

"Walk."

"And when you're tired of walking?"

"Run."

"And do you never sleep, then?" asked the petrified questioner.

"Sometimes, when I've nothing better to do," replied Suvôroff, carelessly; "and when I want to have a very luxurious nap, I take off one of my spurs."

The thunderstruck Austrian bowed and retired, doubtless considerably enlightened in his ideas of a Russian general.

It is worth while to chronicle (however out of place it may appear in a collection of jests) one more story of Suvôroff—that which tells how the grim veteran, already far on the road to the bloodiest of his campaigns, rode back for miles through the blinding storm to take one last look at his sleeping children, kissed and blessed them with passionate earnestness, and then rushed away like a whirlwind upon his mission of destruction. Such a man deserved more merciful judgment than the stinging epitaph written upon him by a wit of the nation which wrought his downfall: "A good soldier, but a bad general; a good servant, but a bad courtier; a good Russian, but a bad European."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fourth annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York has just been published, containing the detail of their proceedings during the year 1871. The principal efforts of the commission have been directed toward the stocking of the Hudson River with shad; and although they experienced much difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory number of mature fish having ripe spawn, they actually hatched out and turned into the river over 8,000,000 young fish. This aggregate, though less than they considered desirable, is much greater than that of previous years, and will go very far toward renewing the supply in the river. They estimated that if they could introduce 500,000,000 eggs annually, which could be done at a moderate expense, it would be entirely impossible for any mode of fishing in the lower waters to prevent an abundant yield that would afford a supply of shad at very low prices.

A State hatching-house has been constructed at Caledonia, which is claimed to be the most efficient and largest affair of the kind in the world. In this, great numbers of trout, salmon-trout, white-fish, and other species have been hatched and distributed very generally throughout the State. About 3000 young salmon were hatched at the State establishment, and offered to any parties who would take charge of them; but no application was made for them. As the period for which the Fish Commission was established lapsed with the year 1871, it is very much to be desired that it should be renewed, with funds sufficient to enable them to continue their well-directed labors in the interest of the people of the State.

A proposition is on foot for founding a French Association for the Advancement of Science on the model of the British Association. Among the promoters of the association are to be found the names most celebrated in French science, including MM. **Balard**, **Berthelot**, **Briot**, **Broca**, **Claude Bernard**, **Combes**, **Cornu**, **Decaisne**, **Delaunay**, **Descloiseaux**, **De Luynes**, **Dumas**, **Friedel**, **P. Gervais**, **A. Girard**, **G. Hachette**, **Lacaze-Duthiers**, **Laugier**, **Levasseur**, **Loewy**, **Marié-Davy**, **V. Masson**, **Pasteur**, **Serret**, **Tisseraud**, and **Wurtz**, who have already drawn up a scheme of organization. It is probable that the first meeting will be held this year at Lyons, the second town of France, at the end of August or beginning of September, where to the interest of the meeting will be added the attraction of a great industrial exhibition. One of the beneficial results expected from the proposed association is the decentralization of science in France, which has hitherto been too much concentrated in the capital.

Not long since it was proposed to light Paris by the oxyhydrogen light, and the experiment was tried with the lamps on the Boulevard des Italiens. It has now, however, been abandoned, not being found successful.

Professor Cope has announced the existence in California of an extinct species of whale, as shown by a fragment of a jaw found in digging a well at San Diego. This he names *Eschrichtius davidsonii.*

We are happy to announce that the United States Senate has unanimously passed a bill appropriating $50,000 to meet the expenses of the observations upon the transit of Venus in 1874, on the part of the National Observatory in Washington. The bill has also been introduced into the House with appropriate remarks by General Garfield, and will doubtless soon become a law.

We learn from a correspondent that shad have been taken during the present season in a tributary of the Conecuh River, in Butler County, Alabama. The Conecuh is itself a tributary of the Escambia, which empties into the Gulf at Pensacola. The occurrence of these fish in this stream is an earnest of the possibility of stocking all the tributaries of the Gulf of Mexico with this valuable food fish. We have not learned whether shad had been previously planted in the Conecuh, or whether they ascended it spontaneously from the Gulf, but presume, however, that the fact, as stated, is the result of some experimental effort of persons in Alabama interested in pisciculture. There is good reason to believe that a well-directed effort would result in stocking most of the rivers of the Gulf with shad, and thereby adding greatly to the food production.

Captain Thomas Long, so well known as the discoverer, in 1867, of Wrangell's Land, situated about seventy to one hundred miles north of Cape Yakan, in Siberia, has written a letter in reference to the plan of exploration by Mr. Octave Pavé, to which we have already referred. While indorsing the idea presented by Mr. Pavé, he takes occasion to claim it as his own, having, as he states, urged this route as long ago as 1867, the time of his first discovery. He does not think that Mr. Pavé will be able to pass through the channels between Spitzbergen and Greenland, or between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, as those passages have always been found blocked with ice, and it would be impossible to winter in the ice in such a raft as he has constructed. He thinks it possible that the north pole may be reached from Wrangell's Land, but that it would be necessary for him to return for winter-quarters; but to endeavor to return into the Atlantic with such a craft would be the height of folly. He believes that a vessel properly fitted for the purpose could make the passage from Behring Strait to the Atlantic in one year from the time of passing Behring Strait.

Professor O. C. Marsh describes in the *American Journal of Science* for May four new species of fossil birds, three of them belonging to the genus *Graculavus*, probably closely allied to the cormorants of the present day, and occurring in the cretaceous deposits of New Jersey and of Kansas. The fourth is a species of *Palæotringa* described from the cretaceous greensands of New Jersey. The same paper contains a more elaborate description of the very remarkable new fossil bird named by him, in January last, *Hesperornis regalis*. This has numerous peculiarities, although it seems to resemble most closely the common loon of the United States. It was, however, much larger, as its complete skeleton would measure nearly six feet from the tip of the bill to the end of the toes. It occurs as a fossil in the gray shale of the upper cretaceous formations near Smoky Hill Fork, in Western Kansas.

The celebrated traveling menagerie known as "Wombwell's" was recently sold by auction at Edinburgh, Scotland, when large prices were realized by some of the more remarkable animals. The chief purchasers were agents for the zoological gardens in London, Manchester, Bristol, and Paris, Mr. Jamrach, the well-known dealer in wild beasts, the proprietor of Van Amburgh's traveling menagerie, and a few private individuals. The sale produced between fourteen and fifteen thousand dollars.

A remarkable fact connected with the interchange of animal species between Europe and America is seen in the frequency with which North American birds occur in England, and the scarcity of European birds in America. Nearly seventy species of the birds characteristic of the American fauna have so far been detected in Great Britain, the latest announcement of this kind being that of the black-billed cuckoo, which was taken at the end of September, 1871, in Antrim, ten miles from Belfast. Very few of the European land birds have been found in North America, with the exception of a few species that are really arctic in their distribution, although less frequently seen in the New World than in the Old.

The water-birds of Europe are more common as stragglers. Among them we may mention the English green-winged teal, the widgeon, the woodcock, etc. The entire list, however, does not amount to a dozen species. The cause of this difference is doubtless to be met with in the comparative prevalence of certain winds. Most of the captures of American species take place in Ireland in autumn and early winter, and in all cases are species belonging to the northern portion of America which migrate southward at the close of the breeding season. At that time the prevailing winds are from the west, and the birds in their flight become confused, and are carried across by the winds, taking an occasional rest on passing vessels.

The death of Mr. P. A. E. Laugier is announced as having occurred at Paris recently, in the fiftieth year of his age. This gentleman has long been known as an astronomer of much eminence, having been a member of the Bureau des Longitudes, and an examiner of the Naval School of Brest. His first important memoir was on the solar spots, presented to the Academy of Sciences in 1841, and a telescopic comet was discovered by him in 1842. He made accurate determinations of the latitude of the Paris Observatory, and published catalogues of the declination of certain stars and of various nebulæ. He was associated with Arago in many of his researches upon the physics of the globe, and in his mechanical and photometric observations, and has for a long time prepared the observations on the declination and inclination of the magnet for the Bureau des Longitudes.

The operations of the British Palestine Exploration society continue to be prosecuted with much vigor and with very successful results. In the month of January, the base line having been previously measured, the triangulation was carried over nearly one hundred square miles, of which eighty have been filled and laid down on the large sheets. The triangulation included Jaffa. Numerous identifications of Scripture places have been made, some of them quite different from those heretofore adopted. Rock-hewn tombs were found in various places, and excavated cisterns, shaped like beehives or inverted funnels, are very common. Subterranean store-chambers were also met with, and are still used by the natives.

Invitations are now being distributed to distinguished foreigners to attend the forty-second meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to be held at Brighton on the 14th of August, 1872, under the presidency of Dr. William B. Carpenter.

A new botanical journal, under the title of *Journal de Botanique*, has lately made its appearance in Paris, edited by M. G. Huberson. This will appear fortnightly, and will contain original communications, translations, extracts, and abstracts of botanical papers.

According to the Yale College *Courant*, Dr. Zina Pitcher died on the 5th of April last at his home in Detroit, after a lingering illness, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Dr. Pitcher, although not specially devoted to natural history, is well known as among the earlier cultivators of science in the Northwest; and while connected with the medical department of the University of Michigan he did much to turn the attention of Western students to natural history pursuits. He was well known as a physician, and as a surgeon he occupied a high position, having served for a number of years in the United States army, and afterward having established himself in Detroit, where he has long occupied a prominent place in his profession.

Professor Smith, of Yale College, in discussing the announcement by Professor Agassiz of a remarkable new crustacean (*Tomocaris peircei*) discovered off the coast of Brazil, states that, from the description, it is evidently congeneric, if not identical, with the *Brongniartia trilobites* of Dr. James Eights, described many years ago, and since referred to the genus *Serolis*.

The second report of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science has just been issued. The principal members of this commission are Professor Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Norman Lockyer, and other names well known in scientific circles. The present report is mainly directed to the consideration of science-teaching in schools and training colleges, and its general recommendations are summed up as follows: "From a consideration of the evidence we are of opinion that instruction in the elements of natural science can be, and eventually ought to be, made an essential part of the course of instruction in every elementary school. The instruction to which we refer, though scientific in substance, should in form be devoid of needless technicality, and should be almost wholly confined to such facts as can be brought under the direct observation of the scholar. It should, in fact, be conveyed by object lessons, so arranged and methodized as to give an intelligent idea of those more prominent phenomena which lie around every child, and which he is apt to pass by without notice."

It seems almost impossible to exhaust the richness of the deposits of vertebrate fossils of the West, Professor Leidy having lately added to the number by the description of two extinct tapir-like animals, one about the size of a raccoon, and the other about the size of a rabbit, and an insectivorous animal of the dimensions of the hedgehog. These are from the tertiary formation of Wyoming Territory.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Public attention has been recently called to some instances of burglary in this city where more serious results have followed than the mere loss of property. The summer is the favorite season for burglars and "sneak" thieves. When doors and windows are left open freely, and houses are wholly vacated, or given up to the care of servants, every thing is favorable to the depredations of this class of criminals. It seems strange that property is so imperfectly protected by public officials; but it is evident enough that the people need to take precautions themselves to secure their own property from such invaders. We do not refer to the keeping of fire-arms in the house—an arrangement which is generally more productive of harm than good—but to the exercise of more wise and careful supervision in regard to household matters. A house was entered the other night by means of some high steps which had been left in the back yard after cleaning windows. The intruders evidently did not find what they wanted, however, for after ransacking the first floor and basement, where there was plenty of silver and other valuables, they departed, taking only an overcoat, though it was a mild spring night! Another house was entered through the dining-room windows; but the burglars were foiled by finding themselves securely locked into that one room. The gentleman of the house had placed outside fastenings upon the doors of all the rooms not used as chambers, and at night each room was locked. It is true that locks may not always keep out burglars, but proper fastenings greatly hinder their untimely work. Servants should be carefully instructed in regard to securing the house at night; and in general the matter needs the personal supervision of a responsible person. Sneak thieves are beguiled into a house by the sight of silver on the sideboard, or by some valuables which are exposed, and may be easily taken. Burglars will not generally take the trouble to break into a well-secured building unless they know that they can find something valuable enough to reward them. But vacated houses are peculiarly exposed to danger; and those who spend the summer in the country need to understand this. These few hints will remind house-owners and housekeepers to use such precautions as good sense and careful thoughtfulness suggest.

"The man with a fork in his stomach" is, to use a familiar phrase, "as well as can be expected." It may be recollected that about two months ago there was a story of a young gentleman named Cipriani, who had been witnessing "the fork trick" by a conjurer at Florence, and who, in a spirit of foolish bravado, declared that he also could swallow a fork and bring it out again. He succeeded in performing half the trick. The fork disappeared, but has not since been heard of. None of the surgeons have succeeded in their efforts to get it up. It is considered a very curious case.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session in Brooklyn, represents a body of no less than a million and a half of communicants. One hundred and fifty years ago Methodism had neither name nor place among the institutions of the earth; now it has the largest membership of any Christian Church in Christendom not aided by the state. In 1867 the membership of the Church was 1,146,081. In 1871 it was 1,421,323, showing an increase of 275,242. The number of churches in 1867 was 11,121, valued at $35,485,489. Now there are 13,400 churches, worth $56,911,906. In eight years the church property has more than doubled. Such remarkable progress demonstrates that the cause of religion needs no aid from the state, but that religious freedom is the safest and best foundation for society and government.

The Marquis of Bute came into possession of £2,000,000 on attaining his majority, and enjoys a revenue of £300,000 a year. About two years ago an old Welsh philosopher, named Williams, left him £200,000, on the principle that to him who hath shall be given. There is at the present time a suit going on in which the marquis is the plaintiff, and which, if it should be decided in his favor, will bring him an additional £40,000 a year, besides arrears, which at the present time amount to £115,000.

Spring cleaning is a matter which every good housekeeper looks after with special attention. And although men complain a good deal of the "melancholy days" "of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near," there are few of them who do not enjoy a clean house when soap and sand and pails and brooms are all cleared away. Would that New York city had a good housekeeper!—one who would wield the broom relentlessly and ceaselessly until our dirty streets were wholly free from the dreadful accumulations which poison the atmosphere. True, there are some clean spots here and there, for which we are profoundly thankful; but there are scores of streets in a most wretched and unwholesome condition. The time for hot days is close upon us. Uncleanliness breeds pestilence.

Barbara Ubryk will be remembered as the nun whose long imprisonment attracted so much attention a few years ago. She has now recovered from the effects of her severe and protracted sufferings, and is living happily at Cracow.

Tichborne scarfs are all the style in London. They are blue—"Sir Roger's" favorite color—and have large ends handsomely embroidered in white.

Some man of leisure has discovered that Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" contains nine hundred and ninety-one words; that eight hundred and twenty-one of them are derived from the Anglo-Saxon, one hundred and twenty-five from the Latin, fifteen from the French, seven from the Italian, and twenty-three from the Greek.

Gustave Doré has just finished a picture upon which he has been working pretty constantly for four years. It is thirty feet long by twenty wide. The subject of this large composition is "Christ leaving the Temple," and it contains nearly four hundred figures.

There is now a bill before the English Parliament which will empower a company to bring the water pumped from the ocean at Brighton by a series of "lifts" to the summit of the South Downs, whence it will gravitate through enameled pipes, along the turnpike-road, to the West End of London, where a constant supply, at the rate of half a million gallons per day, will be delivered. The moderate prices to which the company will be restricted, and the great sanitary benefits to be realized by the introduction of sea-water into London, can not fail to make such an enterprise both popular and profitable.

The Pope has had a fright. One evening on entering his dressing-room he discovered a strange man kneeling on the floor. Greatly alarmed, his Holiness pulled his bell until help came and the intruder was expelled. It was only a half-crazy man who, desirous of speaking to the Pope, had evaded the sentinels and concealed himself in the chamber. But Pius IX. was greatly agitated for a couple of days thereafter.

Raising potatoes from the seed is, according to the *Agriculturist*, an interesting but not very encouraging field for experiment. We have now many fine potatoes, and one who raises from the seed must produce something better than any we now have to make his labor remunerative. Nevertheless experiments are not to be discouraged. Potato seed is that which is produced in the balls which are found upon the vines. From the seed contained in these there is no probability of getting potatoes like the parent tuber, and each of the many seeds a ball contains may produce a widely different one from the same ball, and in this manner new varieties are produced. The ball of the potato selected for seed should be from the earliest set upon the vines; this, when ripened as much as can be upon the stem, should be cut, with a good portion of the vine, and placed in the sun to mature. In spring the seeds are to be sown, and the plants treated precisely like tomato plants. Sow in a hot-bed, or in a box in the house, and, when large enough, transplant to other boxes, and, when the weather will allow, plant in good soil out-of-doors.

The postal business of our country has made a tremendous advance within the last century. In 1771 Benjamin Franklin kept the Post-office accounts of the United States for three entire years in a book which contained but three quires of foolscap paper. This ancient document may now be seen at the Post-office in Washington, where it is carefully preserved in a glass case.

Adulterated coffee can be easily detected, even if the taste is not a sure index. If a tea-spoonful of genuine ground coffee be thrown into a tumblerful of cold water, it will float upon the surface. Substances used in adulterating coffee will sink at once.

In the Court of Sessions in Scotland the judges who do not attend or give a proper excuse for their absence are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced; but it is, or was, common on the first day of the session to send an excuse to the President. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, and the Lord President mentioning it, the Lord Justice Clerk, Braxfield, said, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fallow like him hae?"

"My lord," said the President, "he has lost his wife."

"Has he?" said the Justice Clerk, who was fitted with a Xantippe—"has he? That's a gude excuse indeed. I wish we a' had the same."

There are an immense number of young men in our large cities who are eagerly looking for situations as clerks or book-keepers in wholesale or retail shops. They consider such occupation to be a genteel sort of business, for which they are as well adapted as for any thing. When an advertisement for a "salesman" appears in a newspaper, there is a great rush for the situation. A New York gentleman recently advertised for a clerk on a salary of $900 a year. He received nearly three hundred responses to it; and this is not an exceptional instance. It seems singular, in view of this state of things, that enterprising young men do not abandon an overcrowded market, and prepare themselves to enter those fields of labor where there are always vacancies. Skilled workers in the mechanical arts, and in numerous useful arts, would always command the highest wages. Even an average carpenter receives much better pay than an average clerk.

Cocoa-nuts are just in season; here they are only a rarity, but in tropical countries they are a production of great importance. This nut yields a delicious food, a nutritious drink, a rich oil, and fibres which are manufactured into thread, ropes, and all kinds of cordage. The oil is made by boiling the pulp. Vast quantities of this oil are burned in lamps throughout the whole Indian Archipelago. A tumbler half filled with water has oil poured up to the brim. Two lighted sticks are the wicks, which burn brilliantly. Every native glories in a display of lamps in the house and about the grounds at the approach of night. When first taken out of the boiling pot the oil has a rich flavor, but soon becomes rancid. So copious is the supply, however, that it can always be had fresh and sweet for the table. Like the olive-oil of Syria, it is used as butter, lard, or oil, according to circumstances, in cookery. From it soap is made, lamps supplied, leather dressed, and cosmetics fabricated.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two worthies rather fond of their beer retired from their regular house of call to a field one evening, and sat down on a bench to enjoy their favorite beverage alone, having previously supplied themselves with a fair stock. After imbibing it pretty freely, they both fell fast asleep. About midnight one of them got up for the purpose of retiring; but not knowing his whereabouts very well, wandered about for a while, and then stumbled upon his companion, whom he awoke, remarking, "Surely this is an awful size of a room, for I canna find the door, and I've been lookin' for it more than half an hour." "I can tell naething about the size of the room," hiccoughed his companion, "but one thing I see"—looking up—"it has a tremendous high ceilin'."

With what musical instrument would you catch a fish?—Cast-a-net.

Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes. She was dreadfully ruffled then.

Where is money first mentioned in the Bible?—When the dove brought *the green back* to Noah.

A celebrated wit was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," he replied, "Hook and eye are old acquaintances."

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle of the eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man. The latter, of course, was the deaf-endant.

A quiet man rang his neighbor's door-bell one night. "Is the gentleman in?" he asked of the servant. "I don't know. Did you wish to see him particularly?" "Oh no! I merely wanted to tell him his house is on fire."

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your photograph.

A Western poet calls dew the "perspiration of the moon." Where's Joaquin?

"Teeth extracted with great pains," is the rather ambiguous advertisement of a dentist.

"I don't mean to reflect on you," said a coarse, would-be wit to a man whom he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to reflect upon any body."

A Bear View—Storms a-brewin.

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year-old was raised, and promptly came the answer, "Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

Why does a German naturally make the best performer on a wind instrument?—Because he was born a Teuton (a-tootin').

Of what trade is the sun?—A tanner, to be sure.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they have no business, and the other is that they have no mind.

A man in Windham County, Connecticut, is said to be working up a saw-log thirty feet long into a fife for Gilmore's Jubilee. It will be blown by nitro-glycerine.

A gushing poet asks in the first line of a recent effusion, "How many weary pilgrims lie?" We give it up, but experience has taught us there are a good many.

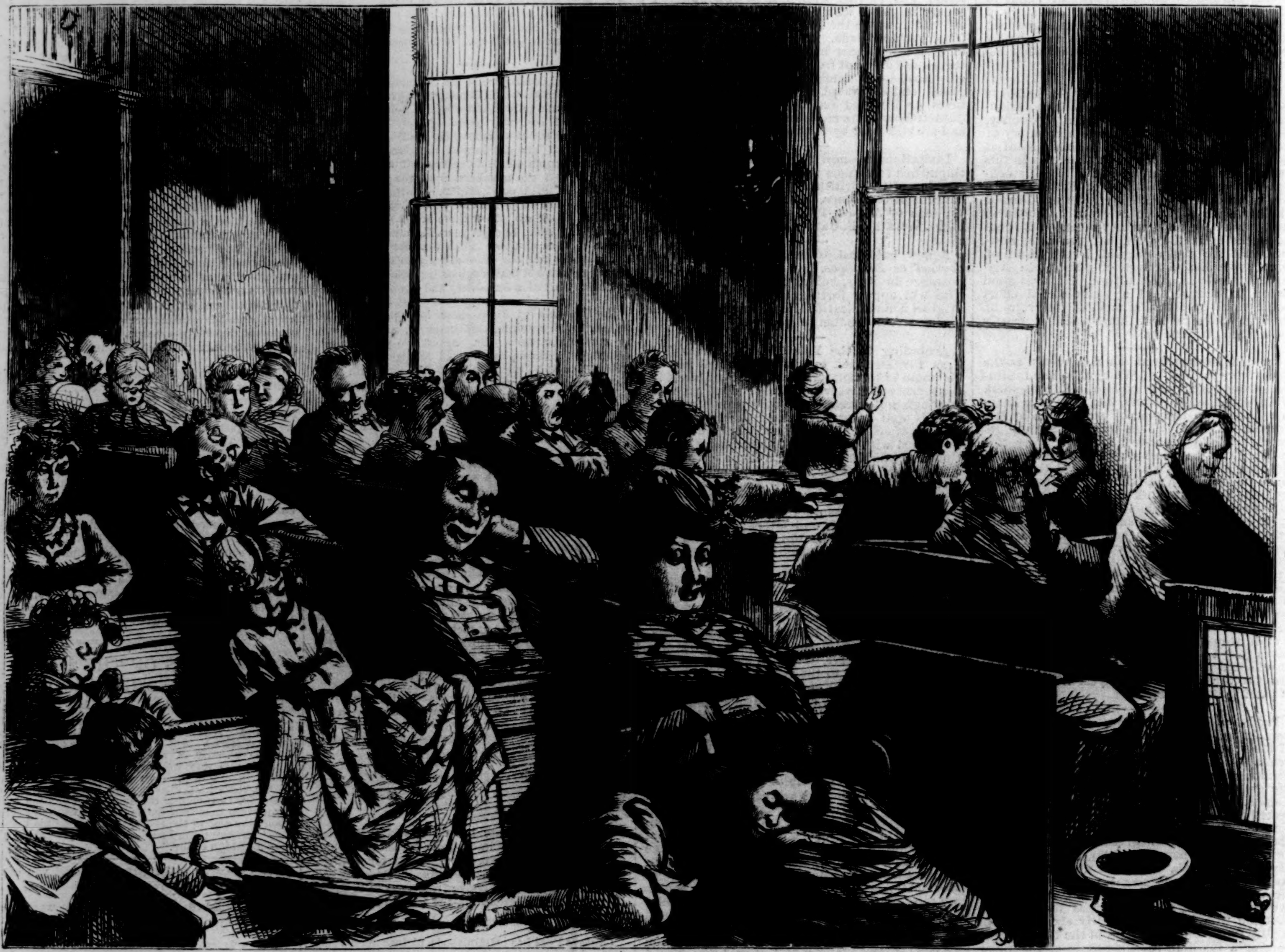
What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble?—A green pear.

"What dogs are these, Jasper?" inquired a gentleman of a lad who was dragging a couple of waspish-looking terriers along Regent Street, Edinburgh. "I dinna ken, Sir," replied the urchin. "They came with the Dumfries coach, and they ate the direction, and dinna ken whaur to gang."

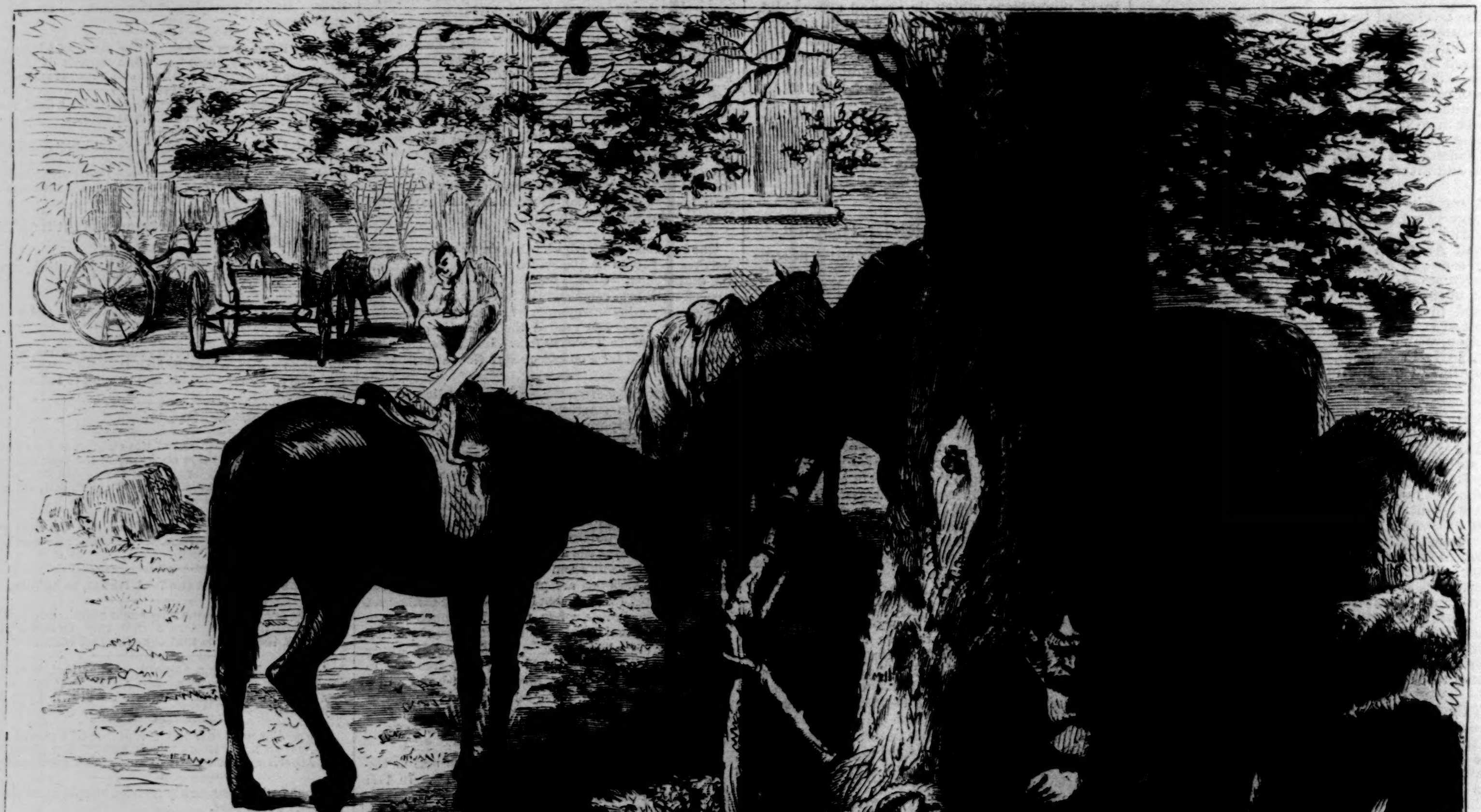
What color was the last squall at sea?—Why, the storm rose and the wind blue.

Connected with the Ring—The bell-handle.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, Sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other: "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"



IN CHURCH—A COMPOSING SERMON.

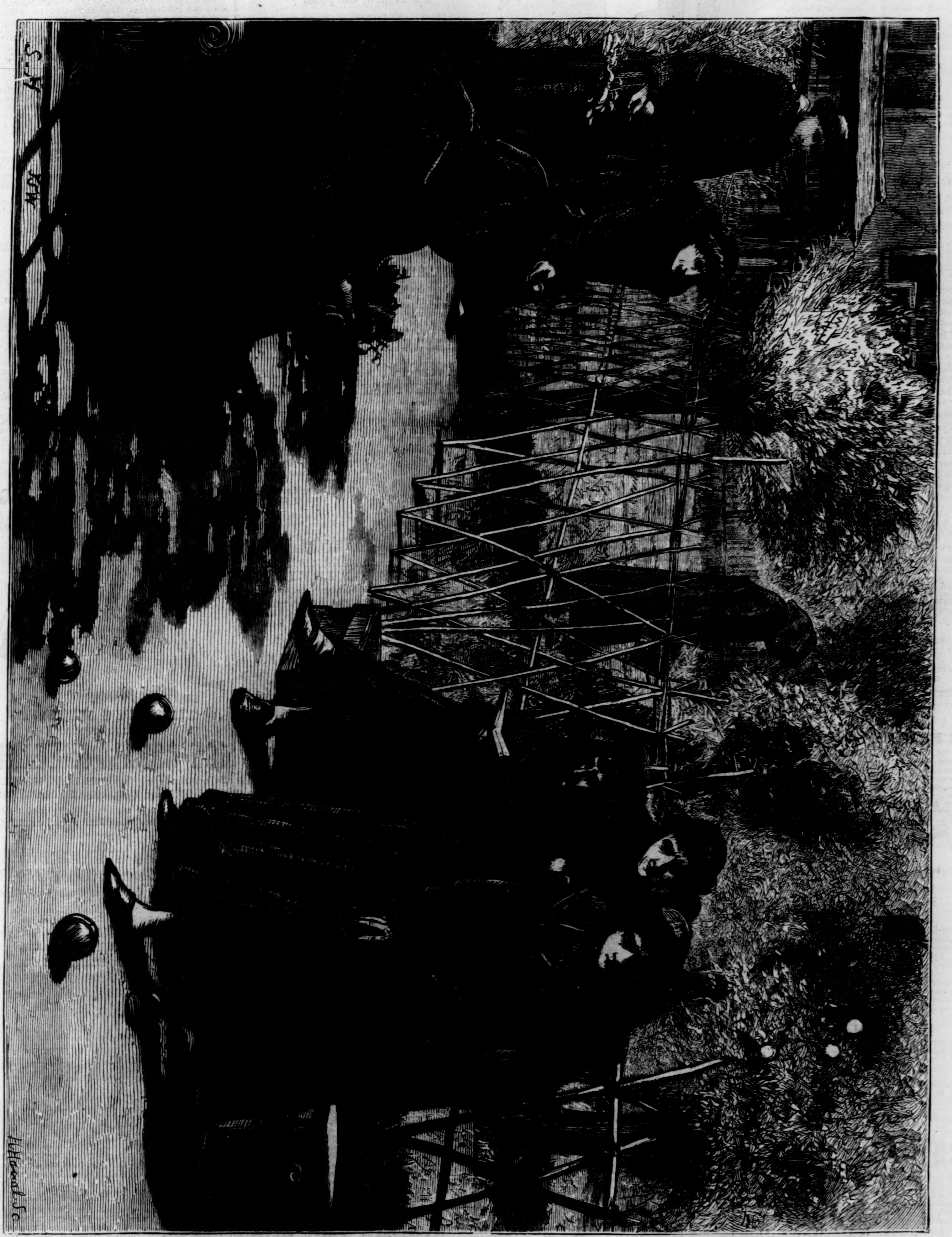


OUTSIDE THE CHURCH—WAITING FOR THE LAST HYMN.

A DROWSY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD FROM SKETCHES BY MARY C. M'DONALD.—[SEE PAGE 437.]

IN A CONVENT GARDEN.

The sketch on this page represents the garden of the Convent of S. Gèsu è Maria, at Rome, where the Franciscan friars are playing at bowls down an alley lined with orange and olive trees, and fenced with the Roman cane. The Capuchin and Franciscan orders, observes Mr. **Story**, in his "Roba di Roma," are supported by charity. Clad in their long brown serge, a cord around their waist, and a basket on their arm, the lay brothers may be seen shuffling along upon their sandaled feet, levying contributions from shops and houses. Money is rarely given, but they get bread, flour, rice, fruit, cheese, and sometimes a piece of meat, until their basket is filled. Sometimes they enter into conversation, and are always pleased to chat about the weather. They are very poor, very good-natured, and very dirty. They walk by day and sleep by night in the same old snuffy robe, which is not kept from contact with the skin by any luxury of linen, till it is worn out. Yet beggars are they by faith and profession. They are reputed at Rome the most inoffensive of all the conventual orders, and are looked upon by the common people with kindliness as being thoroughly sincere in their religious professions, for they really mortify the flesh by penance, fasting, and wretched fare. Though the Franciscans live on charity they have almost always a garden connected with their convent, where they raise quantities of vegetables. But they hire gardeners to work for them.



ROME—A SKETCH IN THE CONVENT GARDEN OF GÈSU È MARIA.

A DROWSY DAY.

There is nothing more characteristic of American country life, except in places where our German fellow-citizens muster strong enough to carry out the jovial customs of Fatherland, than the stillness and repose of Sunday. All sounds of labor are hushed. The very animals seem to know the day, and put on a demure and sober look. The village stores are all closed. About the farm-houses all is still. The men and women "do their chores" quietly, and after breakfast get ready for church.

If it be summer-time, the scenes so well delineated in our pictures on page 436 may be witnessed in and around the church, or "meeting-house," as New England country folk almost invariably call the house of worship. Within, a pious congregation listen somewhat sleepily to a sleepy sermon. Here and there a good, hard-working farmer, overcome by nothing to do, and weary with the week's physical exertion, falls asleep in the very effort to listen and think. He does so every Sunday. He confesses that he doesn't hear much of the sermon, and that he goes to church mainly "for the example." Mischievous boys play tricks upon each other or their unsuspecting elders, or follow the good farmer's example by seeking refuge in sleep.

Outside, in the shadow of the walls, under the horse-sheds or the scattered shade trees, gathers a crowd of village idlers, whom neither example nor persuasion can induce to enter the church. They lounge about, talking politics and village gossip until the strains of the closing hymn warn them that "meetin' is through," when they bring up the wagons to the front-door in readiness to carry the owners home. So passes the morning and afternoon. There is little austerity in this observance of Sunday. The restraint is chiefly an outward one. At home there is visiting and quiet cheerfulness; and though the sermon may have been dull, or only half heard, yet the rest and the change of thought have been beneficial to mind and body.

Mosquito Nets.—Patent Portable Canopies for sale at Kelty's, 724 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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Facts for the Ladies.—Mrs. Coyne, Richmond, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine since Sept., 1857, for the work of a large family; learned to use it without any instruction, and in three days has made 3 shirts, hemmed 3 table-cloths and 6 towels. It is the only machine that does work nicely enough for her. Her little daughter learned to use it in one afternoon, and can run it as fast and do as good work as any one. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

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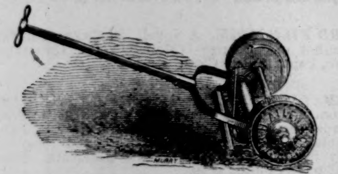

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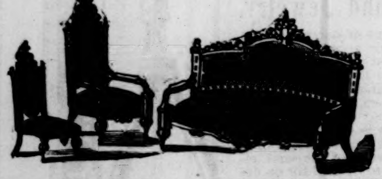

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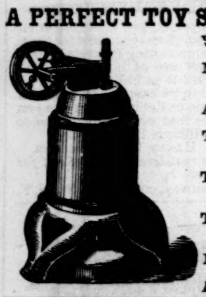

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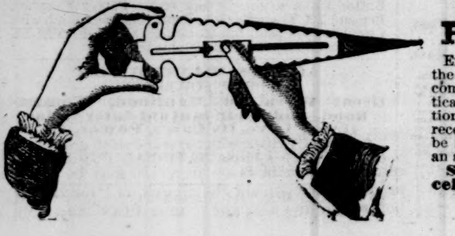

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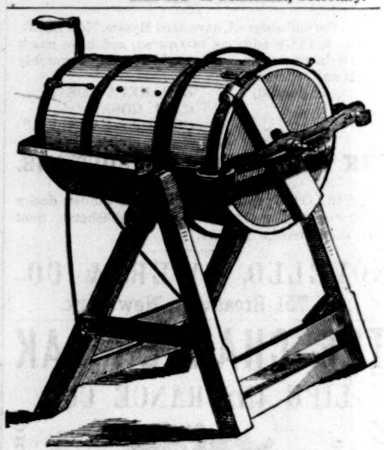

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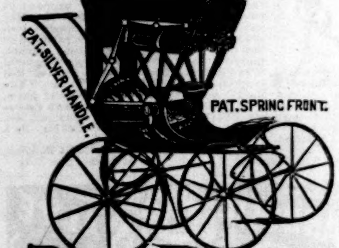
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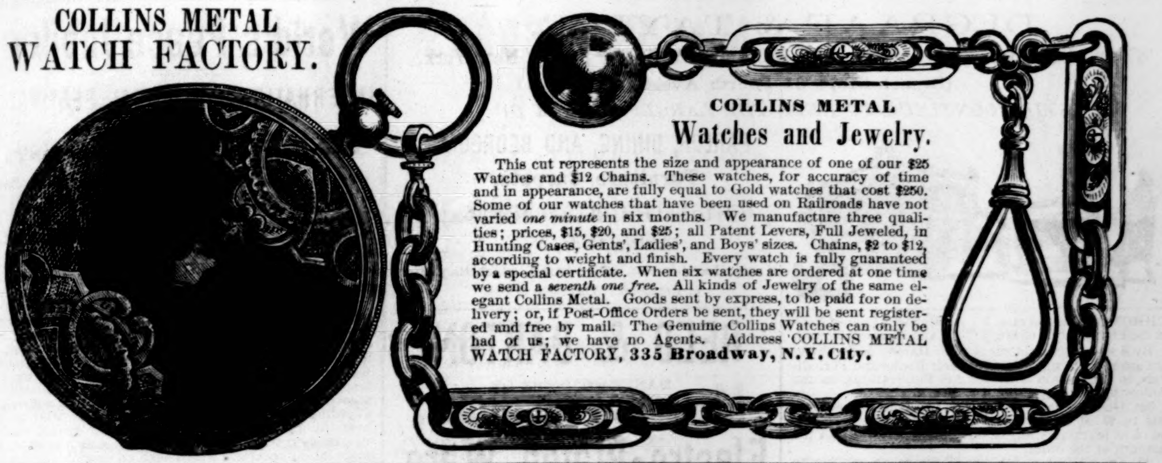

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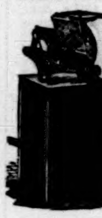

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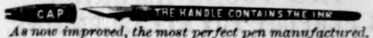
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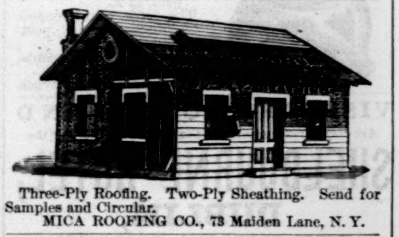

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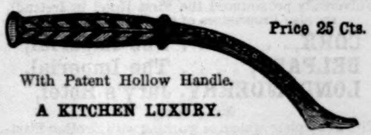

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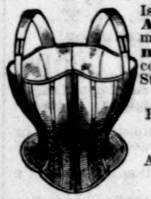

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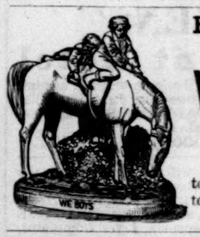

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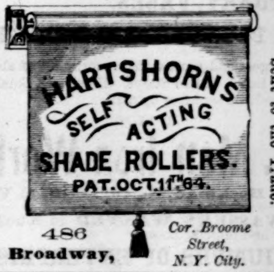
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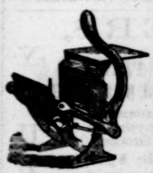

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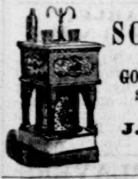

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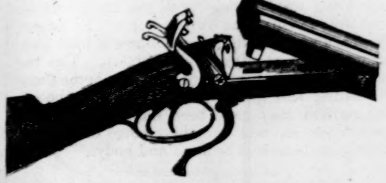

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